

Silent Worker

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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Gallaudet Day Address at Jackson, Miss.

By JAY COOKE HOWARD



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AND MY YOUNG FRIENDS:—It is with the greatest pleasure and not a little pride that I stand here this evening to address you. Many men, when called upon to make an address, protest that it is embarrassing, that it is hard work, that there is no pleasure in it, and try hard to make out that they are doing their audience a service at a personal sacrifice. I can not believe it. It is surely a pleasure to speak to a bright and appreciative audience, and there should be no embarrassment in speaking before friends. Then, too, most men like to hear an intelligent man speak; who can be more intelligent, who can have more ideas in strict accordance with his own, than himself? Surely one must be both pleased and grateful for the privilege of listening to himself talk and for the greater privilege of having a more or less compulsory audience. So I say again that I am proud and happy to be here this evening.

It is a poor sort of a man who does not get something in return when he gives, the more especially if there is an abundance lying about from which he can help himself and welcome. I am going to try hard to give you a little pleasure and if I can, a little encouragement and instruction. I should surely be able to accomplish something in these directions, for there is a saying that the wise can learn even from a fool, and it is taken for granted that you are all wise. On the other hand I hope to observe why it is that the South is famed for its beautiful women and gallant gentlemen, and especially study the gentlemen and learn how they do it.

To give you an idea of the impression your Southern gentlemen make upon our Northerners, I must tell you what a young lawyer remarked when he met Dr. Dobyns at my home not long since. This young man was the proud father of a brand new boy, his first. He said, "When my boy gets a little older I am going to send him South to acquire the polished manners and pleasant address of the true Southern gentleman. It will be an asset to him through his life. I never understood what the term 'A Southern Gentleman' meant, until I met Dr. Dobyns."

It is a happy custom of your Board of Directors and of your Superintendent to commemorate the birthday of our great benefactor, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, by inviting deaf men from other States to come and address the pupils of this school. For some years past you have had, on this occasion, deaf educators of the deaf. They have assisted in carrying on the work inaugurated by our first great teacher. This year your Superintendent has seen fit to invite, not an educator, but one of the accidents of their educational efforts. Those of us who have not taken up the profession of teaching, who do not appreciate the difficulties and discouragements attending the process of getting some understanding into such hard heads as our own, may more fully appreciate the service rendered by our benefactor, more fully than teachers of the deaf do, for we get the benefits and they get the work.

This spring it was my good fortune to be shown about the city of Hartford by Dr. Edward Miner



Gallaudet, the great and good son of this great and good man. I was shown the home of the Gallaudet family, the Church where they worshipped, the pew that they occupied, and many places made of interest by Gallaudet's association with them. You may well believe that these places were doubly interesting to me, who because of my long acquaintance with and deep love and respect for the son, was beholding with him the scenes of his boyhood days.

I was invited to speak from the old platform at the Hartford School, on which have stood not only Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet and Clerc and Edward Miner Gallaudet, but many of the other great educators of the deaf, the pioneers, who got the cunning of their craft and their inspiration from these masters. I have spoken from the platform of many schools for the deaf, but never have I experienced the sensation I did while speaking from this. Many of the newer schools have very beautiful assembly halls that one must admire for their convenient arrangements, and for their tasteful and artistic decorations, but none of them have the tradition and the glory of these old boards that are still doing duty at Hartford as they did in the days of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

When invited to address you on this occasion I begged your good Superintendent to tell me what to speak about. He declined, assuring me that I was at liberty to speak about anything I wished. However he sent me a number of pamphlets with the addresses of those who have spoken to you on December 10th in previous years. Though printed in small type and on comparatively thin paper, they make a bulky package. I sat down and read them through, beginning with the address of Dr. Thomas F. Fox, and ending with that of Mr. Warren Robinson. The scope that these addresses cover is truly remarkable.

The amount of information imparted is overwhelming. There seems to be little or nothing pertaining to the land or the sea or the sky or all that in them is, that has not been touched upon. History, philosophy, mathematics, physics, politics, poetry and what not, have been drawn upon to enlarge your scope of understanding and broaden your vision. As I have remarked before, these men are educators, and what is more, they are good educators. In my mind's eye I could view my audience of boys and girls, young men and women, with their heads graded in size in due proportion to the number of these lectures that they have absorbed and mentally digested. What, O! what could I add to their sum of human knowledge? Then it occurred to me that you were much like the average American boy and American girl, and I reflected that in the course of a good many more years than you have enjoyed, I had no doubt been lectured at many more times than you have been; and it occurred to me further that I had listened to practically the same gentlemen who have labored with you. I am sure I have been talked to and at many times by Dr. Smith, who was once my teacher. I have read many of the verses born of the imagination of Mr. Long. Many an editorial of Mr. McClure's have I studied and admired and I have listened to his philosophy while my mind and soul were cheered in keeping with my body, that had already been cheered by Kentucky hospitality. It has been many a pleasant and profitable hour that I have spent with Dr. Patterson, inspired by the energy that flashes from his dark eyes. Still, I find new things to learn each day and each minute, and I can not perceive that my head is any larger in girth than it was many years ago. Very likely you and I are much alike. Our heads were made to hold all that goes into them. Were they merely receptive reservoirs the accumulations in them would drive us into the ground with their weight and our minds would be heavy and stagnant. What we learn goes through our minds and leaves its impression, and as we use it, it becomes a part of ourselves. The more useful information that we can get through our heads the better it is for us. I must say that I am no educator, that my walk in life is far from the fields of polite letters, that you and I are concerned in living our lives, not in directing others how to live theirs. In a few years you, like me, will be seeking a means to live and live as well as your abilities will permit you. I am older than you are and have gone further along the road of life, and it occurred to me that I might talk to you as an older brother. I have no school-master's rod to shake at you, but I bid you come along with me and see if we can not derive a lesson from the life of the man whom it is our pleasure to honor, not only today on the anniversary of his birth but every day and always.

The great thing that one must admire in the life of THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET is that he did things. He did not merely think about doing things and talk about doing things and wish he could do things but he DID THEM. He did not think and talk about the obstacles in his way, he went at them with a clear head, a brave heart and

surmounted them. That trait marks the road to success in everything one may undertake. It is of this trait that I wish to speak to you this evening. I wish to show that our opportunities are great and to advise with you along the line of things we should do.

The history of the world is one long story of men and women who have done things. The shirk and trifter have no place in our scheme of existence. The men and women we admire and reverence, those "whose footprints in the sand of time" we would follow, those whom we point out as examples to our children, are the doers. These builders up of the world have not only received the plaudits of mankind but they have had their reward, if not in a material way, then in the gratifying sense of accomplishment.

We must not think of our great men or women or of opportunity as of the past. We have as great men and women of recent times, and as great opportunity now as the world has ever known.

There is no braver deed recorded on the pages of history than that of General Pickett leading the charge at Gettysburg. General Lee is our modern Bayard, "the knight without fear and without reproach." Dewey startled the world with his heroism at Manila Bay. In the time of war men come to the front in a spectacular manner. If we must have war we demand brave and noble leaders, yet the glories of peace transcend those of war. Christianity and civilization should and will disarm nations and make war a thing of the past. The energy of man will be directed toward the saving of life and better and equitable living conditions. There are many men and women striving along these lines. Burbank, the naturalist, is one; Clara Barton was another, Jane Addams and Madame Curie, who with her husband discovered radium, are still active workers. Marconi and those who are perfecting wireless telegraphy are doing the world an inestimable service. The Wright brothers and their co-workers are teaching us to soar above mundane things. Our men of science who are exterminating insect pests and conquering disease germs are engaged in noble work, as are our surgeons, like Carrel, who are almost able to take the body to pieces and put it together again. The number of earnest men and women who are striving to improve social, political and educational conditions are legion, among whom is Woodrow Wilson, that scholar and Southern gentleman. We hope and pray that he will compare favorably with the best of national executives and statesmen.

We are close to our great men and women of today—too close to realize their greatness. The passing of time alone can give the perspective that will permit their true worth to be understood.

But as to opportunity, we, yes, you and I, are today living in the greatest period of activity and advancement that the world has ever known. You children have seen more "miracles" than were ever recorded as such in printed books. If Roger Bacon, the monk who invented gunpowder, and was considered to be a magician, were to appear in this world today with all his ancient wisdom, one of you little children have seen more "miracles" than were ever interesting to you, that would make him think he was in a land of witchcraft and sorcery. How surprised he would be when the electric lights were turned on, how puzzled he would be by the voice over the telephone, and how an automobile or an aeroplane would amaze him. In the life of the world Roger Bacon lived yesterday. This all goes to prove that "the world do move" and just now it is moving at a tremendous pace.

Please remember that you are living now and not yesterday or tomorrow. Today is a time of life and activity. Yesterday is discarded. Tomorrow may never be for us, and if it is ours it will be full of work and duties of its own. We do not want those of today added to them. We have things to do today and we must do them, so that we may have strength and courage for the tasks to come. We should be proud of our opportunity to live today, and make the most of it.

It is not given to us all to achieve notable greatness, but good work, well and honestly done, makes any man great in the truest sense of the word.

Forget that you are deaf. Remember only that you are a human being, made in God's image, alive today in the greatest period of the history of the world. You have at your feet the accumulated knowledge of all ages, the greatest religious and political freedom ever given to man, and consequently the greatest opportunities ever enjoyed. Make up your minds to take advantage of these blessings. Determine to stand shoulder to shoulder with your fellow men though they be physically perfect. You and I are deaf; but what of it? Those as handicapped or more handicapped than ourselves have accomplished great undertakings. Beethoven was deaf and Thomas Edison is deaf, but because of their achievements we seldom recall the fact. Milton was blind and United States Senator Gore is blind, yet they have risen head and shoulders above their fellows. Newton and General Booth were men of very feeble health and still they did great things. Edward Noyes Wescott, while on his death-bed and suffering intense pain, wrote "David Harum," that book so full of quaint humor. General Grant finished his Memoirs and his life practically together. Anthony Ashley Cooper, the first Earl of Shaftsbury, was born a cripple and could not move without the assistance of an attendant. In addition to this he was never without a dull aching pain in his side and suffered daily from epileptic fits; yet he became a member of Oliver Cromwell's council and was afterwards made a chancellor by Charles II. It is to him that every Englishman and every American is indebted for that sheet anchor of their liberties the Habeas Corpus Act.

In the face of these and many similar examples it would ill become you and me to fail in our duty and shirk our work because we are deaf. Let us be men and women of "strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands." Do not get the notion, or let others get the notion that because you are deaf you are different from other people. Do not imagine for one moment that the world is prejudiced against you. If you are a good and efficient and painstaking workman you will be the more thoroughly appreciated *because* you are deaf. When you hear a deaf person talking about the prejudice of employers you can well ask yourself, "What is the matter with this deaf person?" See if he does not drink, see if he is not a shirk, see if he does not lack skill, Maybe he is not altogether honest. I have yet to know a thoroughly good and competent deaf workman having a trade, who was out of employment for any length of time. It is the same in business. Go into business and conduct it on right principles, use ingenuity, be honest, give good value and good service and you will succeed. There is no need whatever to talk to you *as deaf people* of the road to success. Man has been striving for success since his origin. The number of articles, and books written on the subject is beyond computation. Each one of us has his own ideas as to the meaning of the word itself. If you regard a righteous life as success, I suggest the Bible as your guide. If wisdom and great learning is your goal I would say, "DIG." If wealth is your idea of success, read Benjamin Franklin's "The Way to Wealth." Take to yourself all that is good that you read and do not think that it can not apply to you because you are deaf. It does, I say it again, forget that you are deaf. Meet the world half way and you will find it in your arms.

I am not overlooking the fact that we miss some real advantages because we are deaf, but merely strive the harder to make up for them. If we can not hear music we can fill our souls with the harmony of poetry. If we can not hear great sermons and lectures, we can read them, and undoubtedly get more from them than if we had heard them. In the matter of conversation I do not think we lose much of real worth. Were the conversation of an average crowd of people recorded I am willing to wager that most of them would be ashamed to read the records. We can pick up necessary information

by inquiry, and most people are so interested in deaf friends that they are very glad to give them really interesting and valuable information. It is not unusual for a deaf man to be better informed than his hearing neighbors.

If we turn to the blessings of deafness, they are quite a few. As we grow older we realize the fact more and more. We are saved many discordant sounds and disagreeable sayings. Have you ever noticed how young our old deaf people are? Our elderly deaf people are veritable Foxy Grandpas and Foxy Grandmas.

The fact that *we* are deaf naturally leads us to be interested in matters pertaining to the deaf.

We have our State and National Organizations and we should give them our constant and enthusiastic support. While we should demand free and open discussion of all questions and not tolerate spirit of bossism in our Associations, we certainly should endeavor to have harmonious and united actions. Petty jealousies and ambitions should be forgotten, and we should all pull together for the common good. Our State Associations can well attend the local issues, but it takes the National Association to carry on matters of National interest. This organization is asking the deaf of the country to contribute \$1500 today as a sort of birthday offering for the restoration of the monument to Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet at Hartford, and it is such things that we need the National Association. When you leave school, be public spirited and join both your State Association and the National Association.

It was not so very long ago that the deaf were considered excellent "Crocodile Food." As education has changed the label on us from that of "Crocodile Food" to "Good Citizen," it is not unnatural that we are much interested in the education of the deaf, which is in a state of gradual evolution towards the perfect. Difference of opinion as to the method and means is the great stimulus to action. If this country were all Democratic or all Republican all of the time it would be the most corrupt and maladministered country in the world. It is reasonable to suppose that if there were but one method of teaching the deaf things would get into a rut, and the chances are that we should make little or no progress.

If we were truly anxious for improvement in educational matters we should be glad of contending opinions. Argument and debate sharpen our intellectual faculties and spur us on to greater efforts. It must be conceded that both those who believe in the Oral Method of instruction for the deaf are sincere. They are working toward the same end but along different lines. It is to be regretted that there is so much bitterness and mistrust between them. It is my pleasure to number many of those advocating the Combined Method among my friends and also many "Simon Pure" Oralists. Just drop the question of method and mix these people up and one could not tell an Oralist from an ordinary human being. It is not possible to discern that either group has all of the wisdom, all the ability as educators, or all of the virtues. It is to be suspected that,

"If they knew each other better they would love each other more."

If instead of having two antagonistic Associations, neither of which will let the other slide down its cellar door, they would get together, what a glorious organization that would be! Dr. Dobyns' hope of a thousand delegates at Staunton would be realized. Of course no one would be allowed to hit below the belt, and I do not believe a single one would wish to do so. But with the best minds in both factions with their bearings well packed so as not to become overheated, there should be the wrestling of intellectual giants. That convention would be worth going miles and miles to see. The amount of good it would do would far surpass that of any half dozen split conventions. Another thing, the Combined Method advocates meet at one another's schools, and in effect it is like saying, "Come, see

how I do things just the way you do them. Are not you and I smart?" Then of course they have to pat one another on the back. It is the same way with the Oralists. One Oralist may advocate teaching the child to pronounce "p" before "b," while another would reverse the process, and they may argue quite learnedly on the subject, but this is only a matter of detail.

Just suppose those two Associations buried the hatchet, smoked the pipe of peace, joined ranks for the common good and sent one thousand delegates to Northampton. The majority of the Combined Methodists who have shunned this spot as something accursed would be very much interested. It has often been inferred that inasmuch as this school has children of "millionaire" parents, it is something sumptuous and exclusive. As a matter of fact it is a small school. The buildings are small and with the exception of one or two new ones, are old but well kept. The equipment is meagre. Yet the children are sent to this school from as far away as India and it probably has more foreign pupils than any other school for the deaf in this country. But the pupils as a whole do not differ from those in the average school for the deaf so far as the advantage of birth and breeding and inherited profundity, if there is such a thing, is concerned. Yet this is one of the most famous schools in the world. Why? Not because it is an Oral school. There are many other oral schools. The only possible answer is "because of Miss Yale." If Miss Yale devised or adapted some method of teaching the deaf by wiggling their toes, and put the same energy and indomitable courage into it that she has shown at the Clarke School, she would make a success of it and the Volta Bureau would be working overtime on articles for the magazines, circulars, pamphlets, illustrations of the positions of the toes and a general distribution of information concerning the Pedagogical method of teaching the deaf.

Miss Yale believes in putting the money she has for the school into the best of teachers. She trains them herself and she is "everlastingly on the job," and sees that every one else is also. Everything about the school is as neat and orderly as a military establishment. Yet everything is homelike too. As a detail, each little child has its dressing gown and slippers as well as its nightgown, and they are always in place. Step into any room at any time during school hours and there is attention and application to the task in hand that would do credit to a great office or a great factory. Every teacher, and every pupil is putting forth the best that is in him. I take off my hat to Miss Yale. Your thousand delegates at this convention, could they see the school in session, would do the same. The children seem as advanced as those in any school for the deaf. Your Combined Method paritsan

would see good work along lines differing from his own. He would have food for thought and could not help learning something new. The cause of the education of the deaf would be advanced because of the new ideas obtained by those who were working along other lines.

If this association next met at the Fanwood School in New York city, our oral friends would in turn have their eyes opened to some interesting facts. They would find in Dr. Currier another enthusiastic and energetic executive. They would find an up-to-date military school, the boys all in regulation cadet uniforms. They would find that these deaf cadets are the best drilled cadets in or around New York and have a military band that disperses real music from some forty pieces. They would find those children taught in the oral classes were as proficient in speech and lip-reading as those in oral schools, that they were not inferior in their school work, and superior in the matter of general information. In addition to all this they would find the children, when out of school, happy in the possession of the sign-language. This school is an inspiration to any visitor.

If the meetings of the Consolidated Association were to alternate between Combined Method Schools and Oral Schools, it would do both methods good. Each method would be on its mettle. It would not be the kindly tolerant inspection of one thoroughly in accord with your own ideas and "appreciating your limitations because of the buildings and equipment," but the critical inspection of one opposed to your views who would ask to be shown.

I have been in about forty schools for the deaf in this country and Canada. I have visited Combined Method Schools and Oral Schools. There are fine Combined Method Schools and fine Oral Schools, and there are some very poor Combined Method Schools and some very poor Oral Schools. We can not say that all Combined Method Schools are successful, or that all Oral Schools are failures, or *vice versa*. The difference in the success of these schools is not in the buildings or equipment, for some of our greatest men have hailed from the log school house, the hard board bench and the slate. We must look elsewhere for the very great difference in the efficiency of the schools for the deaf. The great and all important factor in the success of a school is not in the method or the buildings or equipment, but in the man or woman at the head of the school.

While our deaf educators of the deaf are interested in educational matters those of us who are not connected with schools should give them attention. If the educated deaf of this country are not going to give them earnest thought, who, pray, can be expected to do so? We who have gone through the mill and are actually living the lives that education has prepared for us, should be most competent to

judge to what extent it has been successful and point out its omissions.

When it is the consensus of opinion of practically all the deaf people of the world, even those educated by the Oral method, that the Combined method, which fits the method to the child and does not attempt to fit the child to the method, is pre-eminently the most satisfactory and is conducive to the happiest lives, their opinion should receive respectful consideration. When the overwhelming opinion of the deaf of the world is in favor of preserving the beautiful and expressive sign-language, a language common to the deaf of all nations and by means of which the deaf of all countries meet in international congress and join in discussion, regardless of their nationality; a language that gives the deaf the advantage of the forum and the pulpit; a language clear as crystal to the intellect of even very young deaf children, which can stir their thoughts and inspire their imagination; a language that, in the hands of the master, can hold an audience spellbound; it seems almost inhuman to think of depriving the deaf of this blessing. Yet there are misguided philanthropists who would so deprive them. It is hard for

"Men who possess opinions and a will;
not to

"Damn their treacherous flatteries without winking."

But there were other traits besides his efficiency that we should emulate in the character of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. One was his patience, his gentle love. It was his love that made him do things. Bearing this in mind, today is an opportune occasion to recall Lincoln's words:

"With malice towards none; with charity for all;
With firmness in the right—as God gives us to
see the right—let us strive to finish the work"
of Gallaudet.

Aside from living our lives as good, honest and industrious citizens and endeavoring to do our duty to our fellow deaf by using our influence to advance the cause of education we should endeavor to get all of the pleasure and happiness that we can get out of this life. Deafness is no handicap to happiness, for

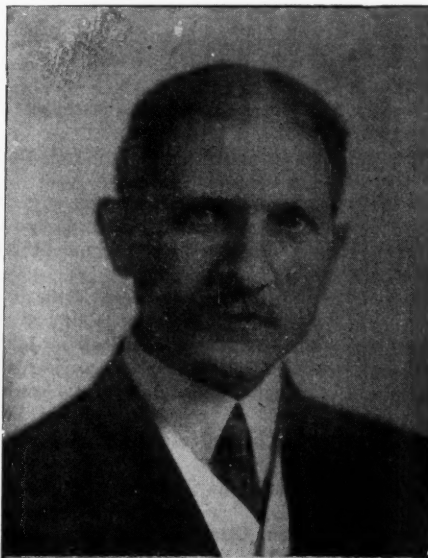
"The mind is its own place and in itself,
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

In conclusion permit me to offer a quotation from John Ruskin that we, as well as others, may well take to heart:

"We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we can not put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily, neither is it to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all."

Writer of

RECENT years have developed a number of very large personal producers of business. Several of these are now running over an annual production of two million. These men are the giants of their profession. Following behind these leaders there are a goodly number writing a million a year, still more touching the three-quarters figure, a still larger body in the half-million class. Nearly every company has its one hundred thousand and double century clubs, and the ranks of these organizations represent a large army of field men on the firing line. The achievements of these men indicate conclusively that the business of life insurance furnishes a successful career for men of character, possessing energy, persistency, zeal and the "never-say-die" spirit. Such men are the real fighters in the battle of life. They are the brawn of the agency corps, full of red blood and the vigor of manhood. Strength and power dominate their aggressive movements and carry them forward to certain victory.



ALBERT BERG

Insurance

All glory be to them, but shall we say of the man who, handicapped by the absence of some of the God-given powers that have made these men supreme in their profession, nevertheless has beaten down the apparently insurmountable obstacles in his path and reached a triumphant vantage point? Surely such a one is entitled to a place of especial honor in the ranks, and worthy of the admiration and esteem of his fellow men. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we point to the inspiring record of a successful solicitor to show what can be done by an energetic man, even though laboring under a very serious natural handicap. We take our hats off to Albert Berg, a member of the faculty of the Indiana State School for the Deaf—himself a deaf-mute. He has for twenty years past, during vacations and at other times, put in his spare time writing insurance. Most of his work has been done for the New England Mutual through the Indiana agency in the southwestern part of Illinois, although he has placed a large amount through the Chicago

office of that Company. In addition he has written more or less business in other companies. It is with the New England Mutual, however, that his record is most interesting, if not phenomenal, and his best results have been obtained during the past

three years during the summers of which he has produced a very goodly amount of first-class business, averaging up pretty well with the best of the local producers. During a contest in the month of June for a gold medal for the largest producers,

he stood third on the list of eighteen or twenty contestants. The achievements of this man, rising above his obstacles, should be an inspiration to everybody in the field, and a rebuke to the laggards in the "put-it-off-till-tomorrow" class.

Industrial Exhibit by the Deaf

By D. F.



NEW and interesting feature of the State Fair held at Springfield, Illinois, October fourth to twelfth, was an Industrial Exhibit given under the auspices of the Illinois Association of the Deaf. In a large and neatly decorated booth on the second floor of the Dome Building, secured through the Illinois State Board of Agriculture, the ability of the deaf citizens from various parts of the state was shown in the articles sent in for exhibition. So interesting, and in some instances unique, were they that the booth proved to be quite a drawing card for thousands of visitors throughout the week.

Six members of the committee were on hand to personally assist in the work, several thousand pamphlets bearing interesting facts concerning the Deaf of the state, as well as thousands of alphabet post cards were distributed.

The undertaking, being the initial effort of the Association, there were naturally obstacles to overcome in its preparation, but the co-operation of the exhibitors and others interested in the advancement of the Deaf, a very creditable showing was made, in fact much comment given upon the success of the affair. It is more than probable that next year you will see a repetition of this exhibit, but on a larger and better scale. Skeptical persons who withheld specimens of their work this year will be more than anxious to put them on display and thus the interest now aroused will prove beneficial all around, and the industrial as well as educational abilities of the deaf man and woman will be more realized and appreciated.

To the right, but in an entirely separate booth, the Illinois School for the Deaf displayed the work of its pupils. Here were shown beautiful specimens of art work, sewing, rug weaving, basketry, shoemaking, printing and cabinet making. The educational and industrial advantages obtained by the deaf boys and girls while at school, which will later fit them for life work, proved very interesting to visitors and much praise was given the work.

While the Association undertook the task of inaugurating this industrial exhibit, and the members of the committee worked long and hard in its behalf, several prominent and influential parties volunteered their help in the movement. It is impossible to enumerate them all, each and every one to whom the committee feel deeply grateful, but mention must be given the Rev. Charles Virden, State Agent for the Illinois Board of Administration who took a great interest in the project and lent much valuable aid in making the affair a complete success. Rev.

Virden visited the booth daily, doing all within his power to help along what he personally termed a good cause. The Association, as well as its members and other deaf at large are most appreciative to the reverend gentleman for the interest manifested in them.

The Committee in charge of the affair was as follows: Rev. P. J. Hasenstab, Chicago, Chairman; Edward W. Heber, Springfield, Manual Work; Rev. George F. Flick, Chicago, Literature and Information; W. I. Tilton Jacksonville, Literature and Manual Work; Mrs. G. T. Dougherty, Chicago,

Mrs. Edward Heber, Springfield. Battenberg collar and handkerchief, several pieces embroidery work.

Charles Hussey, Williamsville. Ten ears of yellow corn.

Rudolph Redlich, Springfield. Photographs of his cigar store.

Mrs. Phoebe Maxwell, Springfield. Two crocheted bags and doilies.

Mrs. Wm. Ruby, Springfield. One sofa pillow.

Misses Ina and Vina Rice, Springfield. Four embroidered towels and hand-made baby dress.

Fred Hartung, Oak Park. Set of photographs showing his line of wood carving and cabinet making.

Frederick P. Fawcner, Cairo. Display of sepia portraiture, among which were photographs of Adj. General Frank S. Dickson, Congressman Thistlewood, and many child portraits, Mr. Fawcner's speciality.

Mrs. Frederick P. Fawcner, Cairo. Two centerpieces, two embroidered dress.

Edward W. Heber, Springfield. Samples of work done at state house, showing make-up of postal and express guide and routing shipments.

E. C. Stephens. Samples of sign painting.

Mrs. Charles M. Belcke, Peoria. Two centerpieces, pillow top, embroidered waist,



Textile and Fancy Work; Mrs. Edward W. Heber, Springfield, Woman's Work; Mrs. Frederick P. Fawcner, Cairo, Arts and Photography.

A list of the exhibitors, a perusal of which will give an idea to the diversion of articles displayed is as follows:

Miss Mabel Irving, Arenzville. Embroidered pillow and lace doily.

Miss Sophia Mueller, Highland. Five samples of crochet work.

Miss Nannie Morefield, Edwardsville. Fourteen pieces of hand-painted china and embroidery work.

Mrs. John C. Close, Springfield. Child's hand-made dress.

Mrs. Charles Huegel, Springfield. Sofa pillow. George Valentine, Bloomington. One cast-iron range, designed, moulded and mounted by himself.

Henry Daech, Edwardsville, (deceased, sent by his brother.) One electric four lamp chandelier, hand-made.

Miss Nellie McComb, Jacksonville. Embroidered pillow.

Mrs. M. Sullivan, Batavia. Log cabin patchwork quilt.

Lafayette Patton, Clarence. Ten ears of white and yellow corn.

doiley.

Mrs. George T. Dougherty, Chicago. One embroidered voile waist and several large pieces of exquisite drawn and crochet work.

Mrs. M. Lefi, Chicago. Crochet couch cover.

Morton Sonneborn, Chicago. Leather cigar holder, hand-made.

Ward Small, Chicago. Two water-color paintings, one showing an auto race, pen and ink book plate drawings.

Mrs. Thomas Foy, Rockford. Two crochet pieces, two linen pieces, crochet belt, point lace handkerchief.

Mrs. Jennie Wurtsbaugh, Lincoln. Crazy quilt. Ernest Tilton, Jacksonville. Laundry work.

George A. Freak, Rockford. Machinist work. Parts of drill shown.

Mrs. Gertrude Burson, Jacksonville. Six embroidered pieces.

Mrs. Alpheus Read, Jacksonville. Crazy quilt. Philip Jacoby, Jacksonville. One tailored coat.

Miss Mary E. Peek, Chicago. Six water-color paintings from nature.

Fred Wedekind, Chicago. Lithographic Work. Franklin Martin, Chicago. Printing.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBIT COMMITTEE



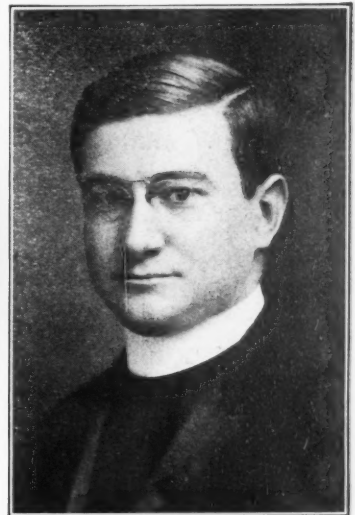
REV. P. J. HASENSTAB (Chicago)
Chairman



MRS. FRED P. FAWKNER (Cairo)
Arts and Photography



PHOTO BY FREDERICK P. FAWKNER
W. I. TILTON (Jacksonville)
Literature and Manual Work



REV. GEORGE F. FLICK (Chicago)
Literature and Information

Mrs. Louisa Volke, Chicago. Two crochet bags, bed spread (unfinished) lace work.

Mrs. C. E. Sharpnack, Cicero. Embroidered waist.

G. H. Roberts, Illiopolos. Ten ears white and yellow corn, potatoes.

Mrs. G. H. Roberts, Illiopolis. Patchwork quilt, jelly.

Warren L. Cox, Galesburg. Sample work of fine shoe repairing.

Edward L. Carlson, Chicago. Six pieces of miniature art work.

William Van Lewis, Springfield. Photo. of room in Illinois Watch factory.

John Bauer, Chicago. Two crayon drawings.

Mrs. Wm. Zuelsdorf, Chicago. One stencil doily and seven pieces of porcelain painting (jewelry.)

Felix Lupien, Jacksonville. Photo. of barber shop where he is employed.

Fred Mather, Jacksonville. Photo. of barber shop where he is employed.

Mrs. Angie Fuller Fisher, Savanna. Poem "Illinois."

Mrs. E. C. Stephens, Charleston. One embroidered doily.

John Schwartz, Niles Center. Three photos. showing views of his store.

Leslie D. Mebane, Bellewood. One roll of architectural designs were sent, but failed to arrive in time for exhibition.

NOTES.

The range made by Mr. George Valentine, of Bloomington, was a wonderful piece of work. It attracted much attention and many are still wondering how such a large and heavy article could be sent to the exhibit. There's freight trains and willing hands. Not much of a joke, however, to put together and take apart, but two of the committee-men accomplished the task with the ease of professional "stove lifters."

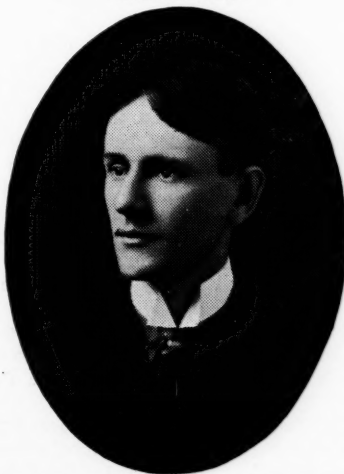
Superintendent Gillett, Misses Frances Wood, Upham, Sheridan, Jordan, Messrs. Read, Spruit, Taylor, George, Mather and several others were over from the Illinois School. Mr. Gillett, Miss Wood, Messrs. Spruit, Read and Mather very kindly assisted in explaining the work of both booths to the visitors.

Of course it had to rain hard several times, but such weather conditions did not dampen the ardor of the deaf. They were there in large numbers. The exhibit proved to be a regular re-union. Smiling faces and "glad to see you's" were much in evidence, and all had a good time.

Many brass bands delighted the hearing public with all the popular music, but here's a humorous incident: One afternoon the Decatur band, some twenty or more strong, handsome looking fellows



MRS. EDWARD W. HEBER (Springfield)
Woman's work



EDWARD W. HEBER (Springfield)
Manual Work

filed past, going to the balcony, which by the way was just off the booths. While arranging their chairs and instruments, the bandmaster was approached by a certain gentleman of the committee with the request that they "play your darndest, we're

all deaf around here." That was some joke, but its safe to say those band men did, between grins and giggles, manage to carry out the request.

Time: Friday, 5 P.M. Place: A popular Springfield cafe. Enters the Rev. George Frederick Flick. Polite waiter, all attention discovers the gentleman is deaf, writes, "Will you have black bass?" Reply: "No, bring me ham and eggs." Exit surprised waiter.

Moral: Don't judge a gentleman by the clothes he wears."

To the left of our booth was shown the Kansas Land products. One of the gentlemen in charge was Mr. Wilson, brother of the late Earl Wilson, once a student at Gallaudet who may be remembered by many. Mr. Wilson uses the manual alphabet and was a very pleasant next door neighbor. Many delicious Grimes Golden apples which the company distributed was tossed over our way.

Mrs. Sullivan's log cabin quilt was about the center of attraction. After many inquiries for the pattern, several diagrams were drawn, cut out and sold, netting a neat sum for the Home Fund.

A delightful social event was the supper given the committee by Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Heber at their pleasant home on North Fourteenth Street on the evening of the 9th. Mrs. Heber was assisted in serving by her mother, Mrs. L. Nichols, of Mendon. A delicious repast was served which was heartily enjoyed by all.

REV. MR. ALLABOUGH'S MISSION WORK

Sunday morning, November 17th, St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Beaver Falls, Pa., was the scene of a very interesting service at which seven deaf-mutes were confirmed by Bishop Whitehead, of Pittsburgh. The candidates were presented by Rev. B. R. Allabough, General Missionary Mid-Western Deaf-Mute Mission. At the same time Rev. Amos Bannister, the Rector, presented his own class of nineteen.

The Bishop announced that it had been decided to establish a mission for the deaf in the Beaver Valley, and he christened it St. Philip's Mission for the Deaf. This is the first mission founded by Rev. Mr. Allabough since the departure of his distinguished predecessor, Rev. A. W. Mann.

Mr. Collins S. Sawhill, of Braddock, Pa., has been licensed as lay-reader and he will hold services for Rev. Mr. Allabough once a month in the Valley—alternately at Beaver Falls, New Brighton, Rochester and Beaver, and also at Johnstown, Greensburg and Uniontown occasionally. He will also relieve Mr. F. A. Leitner, lay-reader of St. Margaret's Mission, Pittsburgh, whenever requested.

The new Mission has nine members at present. Five more deaf-mutes are to be confirmed when the good Bishop visits Rochester.

The Rector of St. Mary's Church, Beaver Falls, Rev. Mr. Bannister, is the president of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Pittsburgh. He is greatly interested in the spiritual welfare of the deaf. He wants them to feel at home at his Church.

THE LIFE OF THE ABBE DE L'EPEE

By YVONNE PITROIS

(Concluded)

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAST YEARS OF THE ABBE DE L'EPEE



YEAR after year passed by; the shoulders of the Abbe de l'Epee bent down; his beautiful curly hair had become silvery white, but age was unable to decrease his zeal and activity for his beloved work. It seemed really as if Providence, having called him, already late, to become interested in the Deaf, was prolonging his life on purpose that he might continue to do good to them! In fact, he consecrated to his labor of love nearly thirty years! He educated several generations of deaf-mutes, saw his adopted children become grown-up men and women—even old people. A good father he was, he followed his former pupils with affectionate interest. Previously the state of marriage was forbidden to the unfortunate deaf, who were considered as idiots, as irresponsible. Thanks to the Abbe de l'Epee, who recognized them as intelligible and worthy beings, they were allowed to unite together by this holy bond, to create a home, a family. Several of them were married by the Abbe himself. The good priest visited them in their homes, partook of their joys and sorrows, and helped them in their material and moral difficulties; he had the pleasure of christening beautiful babies—hearing of course—the first children that the Deaf had ever had the right to claim as their own!

Most of the pupils of the Abbe learned the same trades that the deaf of today are exercising, and were good and able workers. Though our emancipation was dawning, the artistic taste is so inborn in us—just like the musical taste in the blind—that several of his scholars became artists of real merit. Nearly all these deaf artists have taken pleasure in reproducing the features of their beloved master. Their works, treasured by the Universal Museum of the Deaf, established in connection with the National Institution, allow us to imagine the smiling, sunny face of the Abbe, the expression of which is kindness itself!

Among others, Louis Boutelou, engraver, Paul Gregoire, painter and engraver, have left beautiful portraits of the Abbe. Another of his pupils, Deseine, a talented sculptor, that worked on command for the royal family and for many great personages, modelled a very remarkable bust of him. Of this subject, a characteristic story is told. Deseine had achieved this bust, on the bottom of which he had written:

"He reveals at the same time the marvellous secret To speak with the hands, to hear with the eyes."

The Abbe de l'Epee, quite confused, in the great humility of this honor, asked Deseine to sell him his bust, for which he paid generously and then broke it, so as to be sure that nothing of it would survive him! Happily the deaf and dumb artist had preserved a sketch of his work and secretly made a second bust, which he exhibited later on at the National Gallery in Paris.

In spite of the jealous attacks in which his enemies exhausted themselves, the Abbe de l'Epee was honored and happy in his old age. He was surrounded



COURTESY EPHPHETA
MEDAL PRESENTED BY AMERICAN
DEAF TO PRESIDENT DUSUZEAU,
AT THE RECENT CONGRESS IN
PARIS.



THE DEATH OF THE ABBE DE LEPEE

Picture by the French deaf and dumb artists Frederic Peyson and Auguste Colas. Exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1898

with universal veneration, and yet can we believe that this benefactor of mankind was poor—exceedingly poor! For a very long time, he had given to his Institution his modest fortune. King Louis XVI assisted the School for the Deaf by his private purse, and had the school transferred to an old and empty monastery. This favor was received with thankfulness, for the house of the Rue des Moulins had become far too small for the always increasing number of pupils. But, owing to several circumstances, the moving was only done after the Abbe's death.

On this occasion, as in many other things, trouble ahead prevented Lewis the XVth from accomplishing all he had intended to do for the deaf and dumb!

The last years of the Abbe de l'Epee were spent literally in poverty; he wore a thread-bare gown, dilapidated shoes, he ate little and refused to take a coach, to buy a book, to allow himself the smallest comfort, in order that he might reserve for his pupils the little money he had still!

The winter of 1788 was frightful. By the misery it brought to the nation, it hastened the outburst of the Revolution. Rivers were frozen over, traffic paralyzed. There was no more flour, consequently

no more bread; people ate grass, decaying bodies of beasts, and thousands died of hunger and cold, as well in the crowded streets of cities as in the deserted country!

Well! During such a horrible winter, this good seventy-six year old priest, refusing to buy wood for himself, had no fire lighted in his own room!

One day, sitting at his desk in a room freezing cold, and all chilled and benumbed as he was, he was writing a letter for the benefit of some deaf-mute. He heard little footsteps in the corridor, then someone knocked at the door. He rose to open. To his great surprise, a dozen of his pupils entered; these boys had a very grave countenance, as ambassadors attending an important mission.

"What is the matter with you, children?" exclaimed the Abbe. "Go away, quick! It is so bad here, you shall catch cold; return to the classroom, where there is a good fire!"

Instead of obeying, the boys came nearer, and suddenly they knelt down around the Abbe de l'Epee. Several of them had seized his hands shivering

with cold—those sweet, blessed hands that, since so many, so many years, incessantly worked to break off the chains of the Deaf, that had taught them everything they knew, that daily led them in the path of salvation and happiness! They covered them with kisses, tried to hide them in their breasts to warm them!

"Monsieur l'Abbe," said their eloquent gestures, "we are comfortable in our class-room, but you are so sorely in need, our comrades have sent us to tell you that you must have fire, Monsieur l'Epee!"

"Fire! No, no, my little ones; you know that I have no money."

But already a deaf-mute, having disappeared, came back triumphantly, pulling by her apron the old maid servant of the Abbe; another was bringing an armful of wood, and, by his expressive signs, ordered

her to light the fire. The good woman promptly did what he requested. The schoolboys greeted the flame by their loud and joyful cheers. One of them drew to the chimney the Abbe's arm-chair; three others obliged him to sit down, made him comfortable, put a cushion under his feet to present them to the soft warmth that expanded itself in the room.

Before all their radiant countenances, he was moved to tears by this proof of the affection and gratefulness of his dear infirm ones, the Abbe de l'Epee yielded. He permitted a fire in his room all the winter, but several times, he was heard to exclaim remorsefully: "My poor children! I waste, for myself the money you are in want of!"

Some months elapsed; the Abbe de l'Epee had every morning—as he had had daily for thirty years—the pleasure of celebrating the mass in one lateral chapel of St. Roch's Church, and it was always one of his deaf boys who assisted him. But the saintly old man faded away slowly. Oh! what a painful sorrow it was for his poor pupils to understand, to feel that they were soon to lose their father, their benefactor, their best friend! The Abbe faced the approaching end with the quiet and firm confidence of a Christian. However, he could always

prevent a poignant anxiety. I have taught masters to take up my work when I am gone, he thought; but, by wanting of funds, what will become of my school after my death? What will become of my dear children?

The year 1789—the first of the Revolution—was the last one on earth of the Abbe de l'Epee. He was seventy-seven. The 23rd of December, the day before Christmas eve, he piously received the last sacraments. He had asked that the door of his bedroom remain wide-open. So, at every moment, deaf and dumb men and women, of every age, of every condition, their eyes filled with tears, entered, and, in silent grief, came to kneel down around the dying man's bed. The good Abbe had not a single thought for himself. As much as his weakness permitted, he comforted the desolate deaf-mutes.

"My dear little children," he said with trembling hands, "don't cry! Be of good cheer! I leave you, but God remains with you. He will never leave you. He will care for you when I am gone."

At this moment, a little group of strangers entered the room; before them walked a dignified looking man. There were delegates sent by the National Assembly preceded by the Keeper of Seals. This great man bent down respectfully before the Abbe de l'Epee's bed.

"Monsieur l'Abbe," he said with emotion, "you can die in peace: the French Nation adopts your children."

The face of the Apostle of the Deaf enlightened with heavenly joy; his only anxiety in this world had disappeared! His lips moved for a silent thanksgiving, in a supreme and loving look with his children pressed around him, he raised his hands to bless them for the last time, then fell back gently on his pillows.

The soul of the Abbe de l'Epee had gone to join, in the "many mansions" above, the souls of the Deaf he had already led there.

CHAPTER VII

TO THE GLORY OF THE ABBE DE L'EPEE

Taken up, after its founder's death, by the Abbe Masse, and soon afterwards by the Abbe Sicard, the School for the Deaf escaped many dangers, during the Revolutionary period. The National Assembly declared that the Abbe de l'Epee had "well deserved" of the Nation, and that his name was worthy to be inscribed among those of the greatest benefactors of humanity. The School received the title of "National Institution," and was granted an annual appropriation and allowed to settle in the splendid buildings of rue Saint Jacques which are still its abode.

It is 200 years since the Abbe de l'Epee was born, about 150 years that, owing to him, the deaf are born, in their turn, to the true life, the life of intelligence, heart and soul. One hundred and fifty years! A century and half! It is a very short period for a people and yet what development has been attained during this time for the silent community! It would have been very interesting, on the occasion of the Bi-Centenary, to note down how many Deaf people in the two worlds have already done philanthropic work, noble and grand deeds, attained remarkable achievements in literature, in sciences, arts, industry. But there are brilliant exceptions, and, better still, they can be numbered by thousands and millions of deaf who, without having done anything extraordinary, spent a honorable, busy, peaceful and happy life, and owe, it, too, to the Abbe de l'Epee.

Like everything else on earth, his method has passed through an evolution. No matter! if it was not for his teaching, it is for the love, for the tender compassion he has shown to us, that he is still and forever living in the hearts of all of us. Even those among us who know not the sign-language are grateful and happy to proclaim themselves to be his children!

The Abbe de l'Epee had been buried in the Chapel St. Nicholas, in St. Roch's Church, where, assisted by a deaf-mute, he daily celebrated the mass. This

small chapel is now regarded as the very first church of the deaf in the whole world.

In 1847, a clever deaf-mute, Ferdinand Berthier, teacher and writer, who had a worship for the memory of our first master, caused to be erected on his tomb a monument consisting of a bust of bronze of the Abbe, toward whom two young deaf and dumb children are lifting up grateful hands. Berthier opened too, a public subscription for the purpose of having a statue of the Abbe erected in Versailles, his native town. The Abbe de l'Epee is represented there alone; he points up his right hand to Heaven.

At least, in 1879, a monumental statue in bronze, masterpiece of the great deaf and dumb artist Felix Martin, has been inaugurated in the Court of honor of the National Institution. The Abbe de l'Epee, standing upright, looks down, with a kindly smile towards a deaf boy who stands by his side; he shows him a roll on which it is inscribed the word "DIEU." With the other hand, he forms the letter D which is at the same time the French sign for Dieu,—God. The young deaf-mute imitates the gesture of his teacher. On the stone foundation three lovely bas-reliefs in bronze recalls the most important facts of the Abbe de l'Epee's career:

1760—The visit to the twin deaf-mute sisters.

1777—The proposals of the Emperor of Austria.

1788—The deaf pupils begging their teacher to light a fire.

Each in their silent language, the Versailles statue and the Paris one eloquently proclaim the truth uttered once by the Abbe Sicard: "It was to make them Christians that the celebrated inventor sacrificed to the Deaf and Dumb his fortune, and the most beautiful years of his life."

At the tomb of our liberator, at the foot of his statues, are seen commemorative plates, rich garlands, wreaths and crowns, offered by the silent ones of all nations. Sometimes, too, a timid hand lay down on them a humble and sweet flower that would have certainly been precious to his eyes.

Our good thoughts, our good deeds, our loving acts, are as much like gentle flowers that we can, too, offer to the glory of the Abbe de l'Epee. Let us honor him in every act of our life. Let us be kind, charitable, merciful, tolerant, as he has been himself. Let us open our hearts wide to the love and compassion of those he has loved so much—our brothers and sisters, the deaf and dumb all the world round, whatever their creed or their race. And then, it could be said in truth that the Deaf are worthy of the Abbe de l'Epee, their immortal redeemer.

THE END.

A French copy in book form with illustrations of the "Life of the Abbe de l'Epee" can be sent on the receipt of TEN CENTS in American or English stamps, by

MADemoiselle YVONNE PITROIS,

6, rue Hemon

Le Mans (Sarthe)

FRANCE.

The Deaf In Cuba

In Cuba, the treatment of deaf children by their parents varies. A great many of the parents are brutal. In the city those children of brutal parents are always kept at home, or sent to the country, so that the neighbors will not know that they have any deaf children. In the country the girls are made to do all the laundry work and drudgery, while the boys either beg, or help the men-servants.

The public in Havana seldom see deaf persons on the streets, as they are usually kept in close confinement. The deaf children in smaller towns, however, loaf around, and the public look upon them as little more than animals. They are teased and mocked. Some of them are bright and mingle freely with their hearing companions and try to help them all they can, being willing to help.

During carnivals the deaf are not allowed to go out of doors, for their lives would be in danger on account of the narrow streets.

The children of the sympathetic and of wealthy parents never work, but just live upon their parents, and the parents care for them as they do their other children. They are, however, nearly always in charge of nurses. Deaf children of poor and brutal parents live as slaves throughout their lives.

Not long ago there was in Havana a deaf missionary whom the Cubans treated very nicely, because she could write their own language, that is, Spanish. They asked her where she had been educated, and seemed very much surprised that a deaf person could be educated. They told her that they would be proud if their deaf children could be educated. They also told her that a deaf Cuban was rarely ever seen on the streets, but that they had heard of many families having deaf children.

The President of Cuba invited her to his mansion and had his wife meet her. Wherever he saw her on the streets, he would speak to her politely and even offer her a seat in his carriage—to take her for a drive. He was interested in the education of the deaf, and said he was going to get his Congress to pass an appropriation to establish and support a school. The revolution, however, began and President Palma had to flee, so the plans of establishing a school for the deaf fell through. When the deaf missionary left Cuba, her work was taken up by a hearing lady who had taught a deaf school in the States for several years. The latter visited some of the deaf children whom the deaf missionary had found, and tried to get them to come to her school, but succeeded in getting only two children of wealthy parents.

The teacher says that there is now another small school in Havana with twelve pupils. A Catholic priest is the teacher, and is trying to educate the deaf.—Condensed from *Buff and Blue*.

Deaf-mute Actor To Enter Vaudeville With 'Musical' Act.

Several months ago Mr. William Hammerstein introduced a scheme at the Victoria Theatre to give ambitious vaudeville performers a chance to "try out" their acts every Monday morning. Talent that otherwise might not have received a hearing has been developed for the variety stage in this way. Last Monday morning a young man entered the theatre, sent his card to Mr. Arthur Hammerstein with a note, saying he was anxious to "try out." "I can neither hear nor speak," he wrote on a card, which bore the name of Mr. Zelland Hunt, "but I can draw, sing in pantomime and play the piano. I am a deaf-mute, and I don't want sympathy, only a chance. I never have appeared on the stage."

Fifteen minutes later he was engaged at a weekly salary of \$100.

"It does seem like a big salary," said Mr. Hunt to a *Herald* reporter, with whom he had been carrying on a discussion by pencil and pad. "But you see I work for fifteen hundred or two thousand persons half an hour every day and I never worked for that many persons before in my life."

Then he told something about himself. He is twenty-four years old and lived in San Francisco until the earthquake. In the catastrophe he lost his mother and a brother. He started East, and in Denver last winter met Mr. "Jack" London, who advised him to go into vaudeville. Mr. Elbert Hubbard encouraged him to go into the same direction and he came to New York a week ago to try his hand as an actor. So far he has succeeded.

"Don't congratulate me until after Monday afternoon's performance," he wrote. "I am going to try to amuse and piano playing. I am not going to make use of my affliction to help me. I hope to succeed in spite of it.—*New York Herald*."

To share my confidence is like keeping a watch over a powder-magazine,—the least and most insignificant spark blows thee to atoms.—*Woodstock*.

Every man cannot be wise; but it is the power of every wise man, if he pleases, to be as eminent for virtue as for talent.—*Woodstock*.

A DEAF WRITER'S SUCCESS

HOWARD L. TERRY FINALLY SELLS SERIAL RIGHTS OF HIS NOVEL.
GETS A HIGH PRICE.

BY J. FREDERICK MEACHER

Oh, pleasant are the thoughts the evenings bring,
When from our toil we rest our weary feet,
Then far away, it seems a voice doth sing:
"The joy of finished labor sure is sweet."*

My feet the furrow hour on hour have traced,
My brow the sweat of honest toil has shed,
The task with unremitting toil I've faced
Until the dews of even 'round me spread.

The finished task! The rapture of the hour!
However humble though the work I did,
It was performed with all my innate power—
I could not have done better had God bid!

Oh, sweetest mead! the knowing we deserve
Reward that earthly splendors do not meet!
Such things for inane minds a purpose serve;
But this is glory, deathless and complete.

—HOWARD L. TERRY.

*Finished labor is sweet.—Horace.

[These verses are taken from a poem written long before Mr. Terry's success began, and betray the secret soul of the poet—the weariness and discouragement pathetically mingling with pride in finished work. He "worked for the work's sake."—Ed.]



Of all the deaf writers in this country—a not inconsiderable number—who depend wholly or in part on their pens for a livelihood, Howard L. Terry stands out pre-eminently when taking courage pathetically mingling with pride in his mastery of correct and euphonious verse.

Howard L. Terry is thirty-five years old. He was born in St. Louis, January fourth, 1877 (and it may be noted right here that January is a month noted for the birth of poets), of a talented family of English-Scotch descent. His ancestors were conspicuous in the colonizing of this country, and all of its important wars, since 1635. His father is an ex-judge, and one of his brothers is professor of anatomy and science, and also treasurer, of Washington University, St. Louis. Howard's childhood was spent amidst wealth and culture—the culture and worth that upheld the Metropolis of Missouri after the Civil war—and he was frequently in the presence of the great heroes of those stirring times—the Shermans, the Eads, the Blairs, and others whose homes were near his. This had a fine influence on his young mind. In infancy a malady nearly caused total blindness, surgical skill saved his sight, but left scars on the cornea which have never yielded to medical treatment. However, on entering Gallaudet College in 1895 his eyes were in fair condition, but two years of hard study tried them sorely, and he was compelled to leave college. To this day the change of focus, necessitated when watching the moving hands and fingers, is very trying on his eyes, so much so that he is unable to follow deaf-mute conversation for any length of time. Mention is made of this because he has been frequently accused of being indifferent to the deaf, who do not understand his true condition. This eye-strain also makes reading and study difficult.

At the age of eleven his mother died, and a few months later, in the same year, catarrhal deafness came on. His early education was desultory, again and again interrupted by eye troubles, and finally by deafness. He continued as best he could at public schools, Smith Academy and, later, at Rugby Academy, St. Louis, finally being prepared by Rev. J. H. Cloud for Gallaudet.

On leaving Gallaudet he went to live in the country not far from St. Louis, then secured a Civil Service appointment, resigning two years later to marry Miss Alice Taylor, Gallaudet ex-or, and the young

couple at once began life on a farm. The experiences he went through during the eight years of farming in the Ozarks of Missouri furnished him with the material for his recent novel. Finally abandoning the farm when he found it was injuring him physically, due to overtaxing his strength, he moved to Carthage, Mo., where he began and



HOWARD L. TERRY

nearly finished his novel. That was three years ago. His health did not improve, and he began to think seriously of leaving for the Pacific Coast, having in mind both Seattle and Los Angeles, and after seeing both cities, decided on locating at Santa Monica, the seaside resort of Los Angeles. He soon invested in lots and built a handsome bungalow. The money put into this home came from the sale of the farm, and the paying for that farm took years of self-denial. His California home is beautifully located—from the windows one has a fine view of the mountains and of the ocean, both but a short walk distant. The home site is truly that of a poet.

When only twelve Howard produced his first book, and printed it on a dollar typewriter. From that humble beginning he worked steadily upward, always endeavoring to make each book better than its predecessor.

At the age of thirty he realized that if he would succeed he must set himself to persistent and systematic study, and abandon haphazard reading and writing. This is the only way one can hope to master those technologies which distinguish the polished man of letters from the novice and the tyro. Since then he has applied himself to the standard authors, to close study of words, sentence construction, and the presenting of ideas clearly. How many men, deaf or hearing, would, at this age, voluntarily break the habits formed in thirty years and set out to master a system radically different from that they once followed?

In 1909 Mr. Terry published "Waters from an Ozark Spring," (Richard G. Badger, the Gorham Press, Boston.) This work was published before he had begun serious study, and should have had the criticism of a literary artist before going to press; nevertheless, it was well received by book reviewers all over the country, not one of them

knowing the author's handicap. Last summer he published "The Dream: A Drama in Two Acts," and no less a mind than Joaquin Miller, stated that in beauty of conception, form and imagery, it was comparable with Keat's "Eve of St. Agnes." The little volume contains thirty-five handsomely printed pages, and is bound in imitation russet, gold title. The typesetting was the work of its author, and the presswork was done by Norman V. Lewis, of Los Angeles, a master deaf printer, and owner of the Philocophus Press. Mr. Lewis is the man to whom has been awarded the contract for the N. A. D. report.

But the crowning achievement of Mr. Terry's career came last October when a letter reached him (after a year's dickering with publishers) offering a generous price for the serial rights of his novel, "A Voice from the Silence, A Story of the Ozarks." The story began the second of November in the magazine section of the *Ohio Farmer*, a standard agricultural journal published in Cleveland, Ohio, following a serial by the well known author, Eben Rexford.

Mr. Terry's novel contains twenty-nine chapters, or about 300 printed pages, it was re-written five times, and represents three years of serious labor. The story deals with the great question of the day—the high cost of living, and co-operation among farmers. A well-known New York publishing house is now interested in the manuscript, and is corresponding with Mr. Terry relative to publishing (in book form) on a royalty basis. All who have read the manuscript have pronounced it very interesting, and the deep-laid plot in which a deaf character figures so conspicuously presents something very novel. Mr. Terry is endeavoring to encourage the deaf to seek rural life and farming. The manuscript was at first rejected by the *Ohio Farmer* and while it was being re-written Mr. Terry received a letter from the editor asking him for another opportunity to read and consider the story. The result was that after five months' waiting to hear the decision, it was accepted, and at a price never before even approached by that publishing house. Further, the chief informed Mr. Terry that it was the first time in his career as an editor that he had ever asked for the return of a rejected manuscript.

Here are given some press opinions of Mr. Terry's verse:

The verse is good and shows a hand of practice and culture.—*Book News.*

Some of the fancies are worthy of preservation in poetic form.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The verse breathes the love of home and nature.—*Springfield Republican.*

His verse is much above the average. Some of his poems possess merit.—*Religious Telescope.*

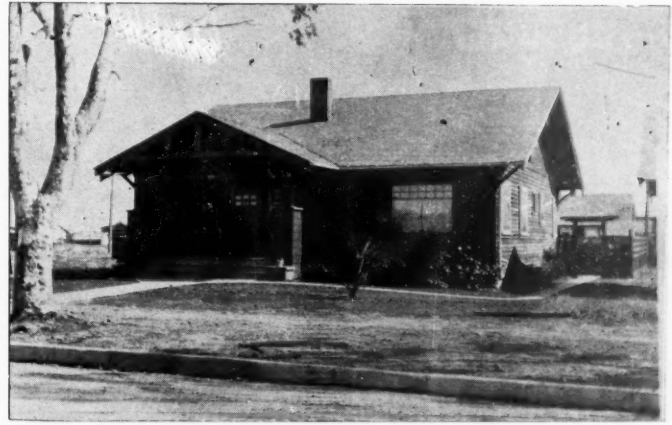
Swinging rhythm and refreshing.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Those who know Terry as a high-strung, impulsive chap, of not invariably good judgment, will doubtless wonder at his sudden ascent of fame's ladder after loitering so long at the foot. How did he do it? he who did not seem to be a genius, and never bound to set the Thames on fire? Pluck and persistence—that's the old, old story. Like most of us, Mr. Terry is easily discouraged—but (and let this word be put in capitals) BUT he never permitted discouragement and burning eyeballs to conquer him in the one great ambition of his life—and he has fought it out and won!

And now we call to mind Mr. Tilden—Douglas-



FARM HOME OF MR. HOWARD L. TERRY IN THE OZARKS



HOWARD TERRY'S BUNGALOW, SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

Tilden, and his assertion of a few years back that "a deaf person never has, and never can write really good verse and prose!"

Mr. Terry has known both luxury and hardship. Born to wealth, he came face to face after his mother's death, not only with deafness but also with a serious reversal in a financial way. Ten years of this was his, but now fortunately, he is enjoying a comfortable income again. He is very happily married, and is the father of three bright children, Catherine, Howard, Jr., and Victor. Mrs. Terry is a little woman, beautiful, practical, and of rare good taste and disposition. He has never been addicted to liquor but finds pleasure in a pipe

or cigar. He loves home life and children, caring little for the social round. He looks with a frown on commercialism, believing that it is sapping the country, even as Rome was sapped and ruined.

"I believe that great good can be done by the educated deaf if they are led into the proper channel," he says, "as they are in a position to avoid the snares and allurements of the times, and can concentrate their powers on their line of work (and concentration is the basis of all success) more easily than hearing people. I want to see the deaf go back to the farm wherever feasible, they can get happiness and a living there, and greater content than in the demoralizing and heartless cities. I am going back to the rural life again, and stay, just as soon as I can arrange to do it."

His miscellaneous writings have appeared in many publications, among these, *Sports Afield*, *Rural World*, *Granite State Magazine*, *Living Church*, *The Writer*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Hesperian*, *Farm and Fireside*, *Poultry Gazette*, *Springfield Republican* and all the St. Louis dailies.

To sum up his struggles and ultimate success we can do no better than to repeat again those oft-quoted lines:

"Work for the work's sake, paint or sing or carve,
That thing thou lovest, though the body starve;
Who works for glory misses oft the goal,
Who toils for money coins his very soul;
Work for the work's sake, then, and it may be
That all these things are added unto thee"

PHILADELPHIA

By J. S. REIDER



HE eleventh annual dinner of the Gallaudet Club of Philadelphia, commemorating the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, was held at the New Bingham Hotel, Eleventh and Market Streets, formerly the site of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb before its removal to Broad and Pine Sts., on Tuesday evening, December the Tenth. The arrangements were admirable and the dinner itself was one of the most elaborate, if not the best, that the Club has yet had. Thirty-five covers were laid and there was no vacant seat. President Percival Hall, of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., was the guest of honor and another guest was Mr. A. C. Chatterjee, of the Calcutta School for the Deaf, India, who is visiting in Philadelphia at present. Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, who is convalescing from his recent illness, and the Rev. C. O. Dantzer, who has been suffering with a severe and persistent cold for over a week, were thus prevented from attending the dinner and their places were taken by others.

The menu booklet, in the form of a souvenir, was a pretty conceit and unquestionably the most elegant work of the kind that has ever been attempted by the Club in past years. It was in every way the idea of the Dinner Committee, but the printing and binding was the work of Mr. Charles M. Pennell, a member of the Club. The size of the booklet, or rather the cover, is 7 x 9, of stiff coffee linen paper, with four cream colored leaves inside, containing the list of officers of the Club, the menu, the toasts, and the membership roster, all tastefully printed, and tied together with yellow and white baby ribbon. A dainty bow is on the front cover, and each cover also contains a prettily colored card of different design and with an inscription at the bottom, either sentimental or humorous, but mostly the latter. It would take too much space to describe them in detail. The Committee selected the card which seemed to suit some imaginary fancy

or whim of each diner and, not in a few cases they made a hit that provoked all-around merriment. The size of the cover allowed enough space to have printed in artistic type the announcement of the dinner on the lower left-hand corner. If the above description gives a fair idea of the souvenir booklet of this dinner and shows that we have not exaggerated its beauty, we shall be satisfied.

Promptly, at 8.45 o'clock, the diners took their places round the festive board as assigned to them by the Committee. The room was brilliantly lighted and the tables arranged around the room on all sides gave unmistakable evidence that a banquet was on or to be. There was an entire absence of palms, potted plants and banquet lamps, they being barred, by order of the Committee, as interfering with a free and full view of all the diners and in conversation with them; in place of these, the tables were decorated with chrysanthemums and ferns. Following was the

MENU

Cocktails	of Cotuit	Oysters, Mignonette	Sauce
Radishes		Celery	Olives
	Potage a la Windsor		
	Lobster a la Newburg	en Casserolettes	
	Loin of Spring Lamb	Chop, Florentine	
	Pomme Julienne		
	Cranberry Sherbert		
	Broiled Breast of Milk Fed Chicken		
Virginia Ham		Colbert Sauce	
Sweets Imperial		Petits Pois a la Francais	
	Asparagus Tip Salad,	Dyer	
	Nesselrode Pudding		
Fancy Cakes		Fromage Assortis	
	Demi Tasse		

After the last course had been served, then followed "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." Mr. Daniel Paul, President of the Club, was, by virtue of his office, the Toastmaster. After expressing the pleasure it gave the Club to have President

Hall as a guest at this dinner he invited him to deliver an address. As the President of Gallaudet rose to speak, there was applause all over the room as though the diners desired to emphasize the quotation from Shakespeare under his name in the menu booklet; as follows:

"Here's our chief guest. If he had been forgotten, It had been as a gap in our great feast."

With a faint smile the President bowed his acknowledgments and then spoke of the beautiful and noble spirit which had permeated the whole life of Gallaudet. He hoped that this "spirit of Gallaudet" which had done so much for the deaf of America would be lastingly cherished by them and emulated in their own lives. He spoke for about ten minutes and was heartily applauded at the conclusion.

The next speaker was Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., on "The Men We Are." He did not, as might have been supposed, vaunt the achievements and triumphs of the deaf, or indulge in a humorous personal reference to the lives of the men who compose the Gallaudet Club, or refer to any single individual at all. His speech surprised us by its frankness; it was simply a confession of the truth that the deaf, as a class, form one variety of the "common people." He was not at all pessimistic, but argued that it was no shame to be of the common people and that a noted writer has ventured the assertion that the fact that there are so many common people is because God loves them more. Be that as it may, the world is full of good works by the common people and the deaf are doing their part nobly and with a resignation that challenges the admiration of others more than they perhaps know. (Great applause.)

Mr. William L. Davis spoke wisely on "organizations of the Deaf, limiting his subject to the leading organizations in his own State—Pennsylvania. We quote him in part: "The young man just out of school has been a member of the various school societies and athletic clubs. He goes back to the farm or to the small city and loses himself to

(Continued on page 72)



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By way of keeping green the memory of the name of Gallaudet, during the past month there have been notable banquets all over the country, especially in New York and Philadelphia, a memorial guild has been opened in New York, and large accessions have been made to the Repair Fund of the Gallaudet Monument at Hartford.

A power for Good

THAT the Society for the Welfare of the Jewish Deaf in New York is attaining the highest success is amply evidenced by its first Annual Report. Not only in its social field has it had a most profitable year, but in its relief work also, and through its labor bureau it has done a world of good. The scope of its usefulness in the latter field will be understood when the fact is noted that it has found positions for eighty-two applicants during the past twelve months.

The New Cure

THE recent operations for deafness, performed in one of the hospitals in the northern part of our state have attracted general attention among the parents of our children. A number of these operations have been successful and fathers and mothers having deaf children naturally are seeking all particulars in regard to the published cases, with a view of having the cure tested by their little ones. One of our little girls already has gone to the hospital for treatment, and we shall soon know the result in her case. A number of our pupils have been taken away, at various times in the history of the school, to be cured, but, thus far, all have returned, a circumstance that makes us not altogether hopeful in the present case. Of all the ills that flesh is heir to deafness appears to be one of the hardest to reach. There are simple ailments, such as the accumulation of wax in the outer ear, that are easily over-

come, but for the vast majority of cases of total deafness there has heretofore been no relief.

The Third Instance

ONE of our little girls who left us last summer came pretty near having a harrowing experience, a few days ago. Her home paper gives the following particulars:

"Lucy Holmes, a Red Bank colored woman, was sentenced to sixty days in the county jail on Sunday by Recorder Badeau. Myrtle Bloodgood, daughter of Mrs. H. Wallace Bennett, was walking home when the Holmes woman caught hold of her and tried to pull her in a house. A man who was walking by made the woman release the girl. The Bloodgood girl is a mute and at the hearing her friend, Miss Nora Pettit, acted as interpreter, the sign-language being used. The Holmes woman is thought to have been run crazy when she attacked the girl."

This is the third time within the past two years that a child taken from our school long before it had completed its education has had some such mishap. The parent who allows its child to leave her school half-educated and with character half-formed fails signally in her duty to it and takes a serious chance. The mother who lets her little girl wander around alone is equally unmindful of her welfare.

The British National Bureau

THE first annual report of the National Bureau for Promoting the General Welfare of the Deaf gives us the only complete information as to the objects and aims of this bureau and as to the work done by it, that we have been able to obtain. The Bureau appears to hold much the same position in the world of the deaf, in Great Britain, that our Volta Bureau holds in America, with the added feature of finding work for the unemployed, deserving deaf. Referring to the latter it says: The local organizations deal with the finding of employment for individual cases; but there are problems, arising out of modern legislation affecting industry, that militate very materially against the employment of the deaf; and these demand the co-operation of all interested in their welfare. Action in connection with this important matter had been taken by a joint committee of representatives of societies interested in the adult deaf, and the Bureau gave its hearty support to this effort. The President and other members accompanied a deputation to the Home Office, Mr. Ellis Griffiths, the Under-Secretary, receiving the members on March 22nd last. The Joint Committee referred to dealing with this matter, has been created into a standing one and the Bureau having two members thereupon will be kept fully in touch with this important question.

The other objects of the Bureau are to get into touch with and to promote co-operation between all existing agencies and charities for the deaf.

To collect all information available from

annual reports periodicals, daily papers, Government publications (home and foreign), and to classify such information and disseminate it for the purposes of the Bureau.

To make special studies of any problem affecting the deaf which may recommend itself for the purposes of investigation, and to submit the results of each investigation to the Council for the purposes of public or private propaganda of suggestions or reforms. From which it will be seen that the British society is closely akin to our Volta Bureau.

OUR Christmas festivities will begin on Thursday evening, with an entertainment especially arranged for our little folks by the Committee on Entertainment of our Teachers' Association. It will be begin promptly at 7:30, and there will be over two hours of "unalloyed joy," Santa Claus with his burden of good things not being due until ten.

The following is the program in full:

Program

PLAYLET....."Christmas Time"
Part I, going home; part II, at home
part III, returning to school.

CHARACTERS

Sarah Hartman, Frances Phalon, Mary Sommers, Harriet Alexander, Jemima Smith, Helen Bath, Edith Cohen, Minnie Ruezinsky, Mary DeLuce, Agnes Cornelius, Matilda Bilics, Dawes Sutton, John Garland, Alfred Bainlin, Salvatore Maggio, John Imhoff.

Tableaux

Part I.—"The Angel Blessing the Poor and Giving Joy to Children."
Part II.—"The Angel Giving Toys to Poor, Forgotten Little Ones."

CHARACTERS

Mildred Henemier, Cathryn Melone, Esther Woelper, Clara Wallace, Alice Lynch, Tony Dondiego, Peter Melone.

RECITATION IN SIGNS...."My Letter to Santa."
Katie Brigantie, Louis Bausman.

DANCE.....Margaret Renton

Tableaux

Part I.—"The Sleeping Beauty."
Part II.—"Cinderella and the Fairy."

CHARACTERS

Lillian Leaming, Frank Hoppaugh, Esther Woelper.

PLAYLET....."Here Children are Taught."

CHARACTERS

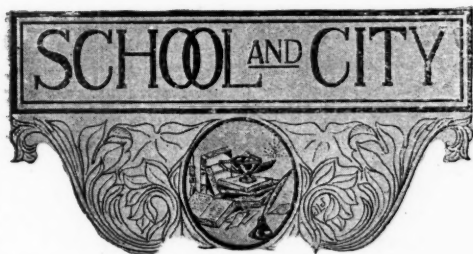
Esther Woelper, May Lotz, Catherine Tierney, LeRoy Buck, Parker Jerrell, Frank Madsen.

RECITATION IN SIGNS....."Christmas Day."
Ruth Ramshaw

CHRISTMAS TREE AND SANTA CLAUS
The Arrival of Santa Claus.....Mr. Porter.

MOVING PICTURES

Held Her Own
THE supper and fair held at the St. James M. E. Church in New Brunswick one day last week netted \$200, and appears to have been most successful in every way. Among the pretty articles on sale were a fine handkerchief from Mrs. Taft, the wife of the President, which sold for \$1.75, and one from Mrs. Woodrow Wilson that sold for \$1.00. There was a handsome doiley made by one of our little girls, Hattie Alexander, which brought the munificent sum of \$5.00. While it was a somewhat more pretentious article than either of the handkerchiefs, it will be seen that Harriet held her own with the first ladies of the land.



Happy New Year to all.

No cold weather to speak of.

Don't forget to write it 1913.

We do not meet again until Jan. 6th.

The thirtieth year in the history of the school.

Hartley Davis is a better carpenter than penman.

Washington's Birthday will be our next holiday.

Andrew Dziak is the envied possessor of a new "bike."

Our splendid new desks are almost without a scratch.

The sitting-room in the boys' new building will be a beauty.

The mid-winter holiday makes a fine "let up" for everybody.

Mr. Porter attended the Gallaudet dinner in New York.

We now are glad that our big flag-pole is gone. It was unsightly.

The girders of the second floor of our building are now going on.

Notices of the marriage of Vallie Gunn's mother have been received.

In the matter of politeness few of our boys excel George Bedford.

Ruth Ramshaw was very graceful in the recitation "On Christmas Day."

"Fifty Stories Re-told" is finding a firm place in the affections of our readers.

Between school-room work and discipline Miss Vail is pretty busy these days.

Dawes Sutton has the honor of having his birthday come on Gallaudet Day.

Of the "journals" turned in on the 12th Jemima Smith's rather took the palm.

Everybody enjoys the trip in the special car that goes north when school closes.

William Felts now knows how to make concrete. If you don't believe it ask him.

Our moving-picture machine rather caused our projectoscope to take a back seat.

A section of our boys went over to see the beautiful ceremony of opening chapel in the morning, at the Normal School, a few days ago.

Miss Frey, the fiancee of Isaac Lowe, is an old-school-mate of Clara Van Sickle, Clara having attended the New York Institution with her.

We are all most curious to know how the operation on little Mary Kane will turn out.

Mary Sommers went to Skillman to spend the afternoon with Annie Mayer, on Saturday.

Miss Vail has a reading circle in her class-room, which meets half the nights in the week.

The wedding of one of our old boys is going to take place in April. Can you guess who?

Our trolley-service is quite improved, but we are mortally in fear of a straight five-cent fare.

It will be some days yet before we shall know who received the largest number of Christmas presents.

Jimmy Squirrel must "feel like one who treads alone," for all the other squirrels have disappeared.

Charlie Dobbins says he prefers a mild winter to a cold one. He must be tickled to death this year.

The day that Francis Phalon gets a letter from her sister Margaret is always a very happy one to her.

Mr. Sharp gave the children the procedure in a criminal trial in the assembly room on Saturday night.

Nothing in the way of light reading appears to take the place of "Rain-drops" with most of our pupils.

Who said the deaf did not appreciate poetry? Joseph Higgins is deeply interested in Longfellow's poems.

A number of the boys wish to take up architectural drawing and Mr. Johnson may start a class next month.

A splendid large fire-proof safe was one of our acquisitions in October, and our school records are now safe.

No child ever admits that it is sick the week before Christmas. It might interfere with its going home.

Mr. Leslie, the gentleman in charge of the Gazette's half-tone department, is helping to coach our boys in the art.

John Garland took all of his spending-money and bought his father a set of everybody's encyclopedia for Christmas.

Miss Cory's babies have made Mr. Walker a beautiful calendar with a perfect likeness of Santa Claus on the cover.

A belated bat got into one of the boys' dormitories the other evening. Johnny MacNee caught it and is keeping it as a pet.

For days before Christmas, Alfred Shaw's only solicitude was that he might get something nice for his Mamma and Papa.

Our children keep thoroughly posted on the news of the day. The war in Turkey has been attracting quite a bit of their attention of late.

Our basket-ball boys never say die and you never can say they have lost until the last second of the last minute of the last half.

The misfortune that came to one of our little girls who left us last summer teaches, again, the lesson that it is a great mistake to take children that are but half developed mentally from school.

But twenty-four of the pupils have books out of the library at present, but then there is always a let up in reading around the holidays.

There was a busy lot of girls in the dress-making department before the holidays, and a large number of pretty dresses were turned out.

Don't ever tell us again that Froday, the 13th, is an unlucky day. We had our oyster supper on that day, and, well, don't say any more foolish things about Friday or the 13th, that is all.

Johnny MacNee says that his brother Jim is quite busy now-a-days, working all day and going to school every night. It really does look as if Jimmy would be kept out of mischief for the present.

There were "doubting Thomases" who thought that the Silent Workers did not class with the other teams of the city league. They now know better.

Oreste Palmieri thinks he has the finest little nephew that ever was. He asked his sister how much it cost, the other day, and says he intends to buy one himself as soon as he can afford it.

When Harriet Alexander's sister asked her what she wanted for Christmas she would not tell her because she wanted to be surprised. She'd be quite surprised if she didn't get anything, wouldn't she?

The old story of Androclus was given as an instance of gratitude last Sunday and it proved most interesting. One or two of the old pupils remembered having heard it; to all the rest it was new.

All hands were supremely happy on Thursday, and it was hard to tell which gave the most joy, the performance proper, the moving pictures, the arrival of Santa Claus or the distribution of candy and fruit.

Walter Hedden is still confined to his bed, and does not improve at all as we would wish him to. The pupils and teachers frequently visit him and it appears to do him a great deal of good to have them call.

It was not necessary for us to go all the way to Philadelphia to see the Army-Navy game on the 30th, as we were able to see it from a nice warm seat at a moving-picture show, right here in Trenton, a few days after it came off.

We have but about thirty awaiting admission, at present; even if this number is increased to fifty by the time our new building is completed, we shall be able to accommodate them all, and, for the first time in the history of the school, we shall have every comfort and convenience.

The roller-skating and bicycle fads are again breaking out among our boys and girls, and a pair of roller-skates or a bicycle, as a Christmas present would have gone amiss in few cases.

HONOR ROLL

Hattie Alexander	Cathryn Melone
Edmund Bayer	Walton Morgan
Louisa Beck	Louis Otten
John Bernhardt	Antonio Petoio
Jessie Casterline	Francis Phalon
Hartley Davis	Alfred Shaw
Carl Droste	Annie Savko
Charles Dobbins	Elias Scudder
Vito Dondiego	Chester Steiner
Everett Dunn	Goldie Sheppard
James Dunning	John Short
Charles Durling	Paul Tarbutton
Roy Hapward	Catherine Tierney
Sarah Hartman	Nellie Van Lenten
Mildred Ludlow	Joseph Whalen
John MacNee	Elton Williams
	Wanda Wojecucka

PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from page 69)

society. The result is he does not keep himself abreast of the times. A long lull resulting in mental, moral and physical attainments. After many years away from the big city he pays a visit to one of the principal societies in Philadelphia. He meets his old friends and becomes interested in the lectures, debates and social functions of the Society and gradually regains all that activity that he possessed when at school, taking a keen interest in everything that the Society arranges for the edification of its members and finally becomes a leader. There lay the benefit of organization." He then referred briefly, to all the organizations in Philadelphia and to the good they do, closing with an intelligent presentation of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, which has a large and growing membership here, and of which he is President. (Applause.)

Mr. William H. Lipsett next amused the diners by a humorous reference to "By-gone Days." He was peculiarly well qualified to handle this subject and his reminiscences were particularly amusing to President Hall and the oral teachers of the Mt. Airy School, of whom there were six, and to whom all was news of the old school. (Applause.)

Brief impromptu speeches were made by each of the following teachers: Mr. A. C. Chatterjee, Mr. Frank H. Reiter, Mr. E. S. Thompson, Mr. Barton Sensening, Mr. Arthur J. Goodwin, and Mr. Arthur C. Manning. Mr. Reiter surprised the diners by delivering his speech entirely in signs—intelligible signs, too, which he was not able to do at the previous dinner of the Club.

The names and positions of the diners were as follows: President Percival Hall, D. Paul, A. C. Chatterjee, E. S. Thompson, A. C. Manning, A. J. Godwin, O. Dantzer, F. Christman, W. H. Lipsett, E. Nies, Wm. Lee, Otto Herold, R. E. Underwood, P. O'Brien, E. Wetzel, J. F. Brady, W. L. Davis, H. E. Stevens, J. S. Reider, J. A. Roach, A. S. McGhee, Thos. Breen, C. M. Pennell, E. D. Strecker, J. V. Donohue, H. E. Arnold, Wm. McKinney, C. Partington, H. J. Haight, M. C. Fortescue, R. M. Zeigler, H. Griffin, J. A. McIlvaine, B. Sensenig and F. H. Reiter.

Before the dinner broke up a collection was taken for the Gallaudet Monument Repair Fund.

It was twelve o'clock when the diners arose from the table and left for their homes. The success of the dinner was in no small measure due to Manager Provan, of the New Bingham Hotel, who gave it his personal attention, thus insuring better satisfaction. His hotel has been the choice of the Club for its annual dinner for several years and upon merit alone.

The Dinner Committee this year is composed of Messrs. John A. Roach, J. Add, McIlvaine, Jr., and Jas. S. Reider.

Mrs. Mary Hamilton Rocap (nee Parry) passed away peacefully in the early morning of Saturday, Fourteenth of December. Death was due to a complication of diseases coupled with the infirmities of age. Had she lived just one day longer she would have passed her seventy-fifth year. Her passing has caused a deep gloom over the community in which she had, excepting for a short period, always lived and was so well-known. She was often affectionally referred to as "the grand old deaf lady of Philadelphia." And she will still be known so during our generation. So recently as Wednesday evening, December 11th, or two days before her death, a number of her friends gathered at her home to greet and surprise her on account of the approach of her birthday, but most of them were surprised themselves to find the old lady ill in bed. She loved company and the unexpected large crowd seemed to have given her great pleasure, even though she could not mingle with her friends.

A biographical sketch of Mrs. Rocap appeared in the SILENT WORKER for July, 1908.

Mrs. Rocap was born in Philadelphia, December

15th, 1837; of Welsh extraction, and belonged to one of the best known families in her native city—the Parry family. An uncle, Charles Parry, was a member of the firm of the famous Baldwin Locomotive Works and died wealthy. She became deaf at six years of age from scarlet-fever. Her schooling was delayed until she was seventeen years old and then she only spent two and a half years at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. In 1863, she married Charles Pittman Rocap. The result of the union was four boys, all of whom are dead except one, Mr. Frank Parry Rocap, who re-



MARY HAMILTON ROCAP

sides in that north-eastern part of Philadelphia known as Olney. In 1874, her husband died, and, two years later the two younger sons were carried off by the ravage of diphtheria. The two older sons grew up, one, Frank, becoming a pattern maker in the locomotive works, and the other, William, doctor. He was very successful in his practice and built up a snug fortune; but, in August, 1907, five years ago, he, too, was claimed by death. He left the whole income of his fortune to his mother during her life, and though she had more than she needed to live comfortably on, she grieved continually over the death of this son.

Mrs. Rocap had a strong personality; and she was sympathetic and generous in her treatment of all whom she deemed worthy. She was a continual contributor of All Souls' Church and made frequent gifts to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at Doylestown. Her charities were not confined to these two, but many. She will be missed in the community where she had lived and worked so long. The home on Cambridge street, near Broad and Poplar streets, which at different times had been the abiding place of prominent deaf persons and where so many deaf had been wont to pass a social evening or time will not be the scene of more gatherings of the deaf after the remains of the genial host and friend of the poor have been laid to rest.

THE O. W. L. S. AGAIN

EDITOR SILENT WORKER:—I have read with interest in recent issues of your valued paper the discussions concerning the origin of the O. W. L. S.

As a "charter member" of that ancient, honorable and exclusive organization, with a clear and distinct recollection of all the circumstances attending its formation, I am impelled to add a few words only because honor has not been given to whom honor is due.

1. Mrs. May Martin Stafford was the founder and first president of the O. W. L. S.

2. The society was founded during the first term of the collegiate year 1891-1892.

3. It was during the second term that Mrs. Hanson became our president and the college correspondents first made mention of the society.

LULU O. CLOUD.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Dec. 9, 1912.

"Ernestographs"

BY ERNEST

THE deaf nowadays are meeting with so many accidents that life insurance companies are sitting up and taking notice. At least this is the impression I gained from a conversation with an agent of the company in which I am insured. It is well known that railroad and street car companies have a habit of fighting every suit for damage to the last court, the object being to tire the plaintiff and cause him or her to drop the suit because of the expense. But in the case of one Henry J. Smith, a deaf-mute, aged 60 years, living in Kentucky, the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company seem to have met a foe worthy their steel. Mr. Smith was seriously injured in a wreck on that line in August, 1909, and brought suit for damage. As proof that he was a passenger on the train in the wreck he introduced a hat-check with a single punch mark. Opposed to this simple proof were twenty-five witnesses the railroad company, the gist of the testimony being that none of the crew saw Mr. Smith on the train; that his name did not appear in a complete list of passengers taken immediately after the wreck; that the punch mark did not correspond to the one in use by the conductor on the train, etc. The jury, apparently aware that Mr. Smith could have procured the hat check only from the conductor, and aware also of the mysterious ways by which railroad companies obtain "evidence," promptly awarded Mr. Smith \$4,300.00 damages. The Court of Appeals sent the case back for a new trial on the ground of excessive damages. This was a year ago. Recently the case was decided and Mr. Smith was awarded \$2,700.00 damages.

The above should inspire such of the deaf as meet with accidents to sue for damages, provided always that they were not themselves responsible. To sue for damages from an accident met with while walking on the railroad would of course not help because that would be trespassing and nobody has any right to walk on a railroad track.

...

A recent issue of that newsy little weekly, the *Kansas Star*, contained an editorial anent superintendents and methods. It argued with much force and a good deal of common sense that if all the superintendents who are advocates of the combined system should make a united stand in favor of that method, promulgating it in every way possible before the public, attend meetings of educators of the hearing, send out printed matter to parents and others interested in the education of the deaf—in a word, do as the members of the American Association for the promotion of Speech to the Deaf do, it would be easy to stem the tide in favor of pure oralism. Nearly all our superintendents are experts in the use of signs, and their many years of association with the deaf have enabled them to decide, after a trial, which method is best suited for the pupil. The idea is indeed a good one. The natural inquiry arises: "Why has this not been done? Why this subservient quailing before a rival organization? We feel sure the superintendent of the Kansas School would be glad to lead in the crusade for a change of public opinion in regard to the methods of educating the deaf.

...

A scientist of London, who goes about with a "Sir" prefixed to his name, is engaged in preparing a universal sign-language. The language he has in mind is based on the pictorial signs of the Chinese, or the Chinese characters, I forget which, as I unfortunately lost the clipping, the same being an editorial which appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*.

(Continued on page 74)



By Alexander L. Pach, 935 Broadway New York.

RVERY little while I get letters so very much out of the ordinary that I reprint them in this column. Last month I told of the prospective elevation of Mr. Miller Reese Hutchison to the Presidency of the Edison allied companies. I am told that Mr. Edison was prevailed on to become president himself, so for the present Mr. Hutchison remains Chief Engineer and Mr. Edison's personal representative. The following letter from Mr. Hutchison will encourage many, many deaf people:

OFFICE OF MILLER REES HUTCHISON
EDISON LABORATORY

ORANGE, N. J.

CHIEF ENGINEER AND PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE OF
THOMAS A. EDISON

MY DEAR A—:—Thank you very much indeed for the beautiful eulogy of my humble efforts on behalf of the deaf.

From my standpoint I have always regretted the unfortunate circumstances which necessitated the cessation of my efforts in this direction. Others have profited tremendously therefrom but "high finance," played on me when, as you say, a mere boy, took away from me the wherewithal to continue that work.

However, I cut my eye-teeth on that beautiful demonstration of "high finance," with the result that I have steered clear of "promoters" and am now financially independent.

My duties here are of such comprehensive nature as to render it almost impossible for me to devote very much time to the perfection of an instrument for the alleviation of the deaf. But it has always been my purpose to perfect such an instrument, and place it in the hands of an endowment fund committee to be manufactured and given those who cannot afford to pay, charging those who can do so a reasonable price, and turning in all the profits from the latter to help support the former worthy cause.

It has never been my desire to make financial profit from the afflictions of my fellow men. There are too many other ways in which money can be made.

Some day, possibly sooner than you expect, I will put this idea into practical use, and endeavor to give my deaf and partially deaf friends an instrument which will prove of *real* benefit, if enough of the auditory apparatus remains to make hearing possible. I really think as long as a person is *alive* he *must* possess some vestige of hearing, and I am anxious to be able to prove my contention.

Present artificial aids to hearing are but makeshifts. Some people hear quite well with them, while others, with characteristic optimism, purchase such devices before they are assured, in their own minds, that *real* benefit is attained.

I think, when such an instrument as I hope to perfect, is really available, many of the children in our Institutions for the Deaf can be taught to hear much more satisfactorily than with present methods. Hundreds of these children already possess considerable hearing, but not enough to be of practical assistance without a perfect aid. Hence, the effort of hearing being fatiguing, they lapse into the easier—to them—lip-reading.

As the fat man says, I am "getting my wind" on this line of research, and pretty soon I'll start up again, but on a *non commercial* basis.

I may ask you to try out an instrument for me quite soon.

With my best regards,

Yours sincerely,

M. R. HUTCHISON.

There have been all kinds of variations of the old story of hearing people understanding a "signed and spelled" talk. And of one hearing person's talking to a deaf one causing the onlookers to think both deaf and thus bringing forth many unexpected things "not down on the bill," but here is a *true* incident worth while:

The other day I was taking Rev. George F. Flick on a long ride in New York's Subway. When we had reached within a mile or so of our destination we noticed two young women who seemed to be interested in the way the famed Chicago divine talked. On the rare occasions I meet the business-like young clericus we have lots to tell each other. Passengers were getting fewer and fewer and as our station was very near at hand we noticed the young ladies opposite were still very much interested in the way our digits and arms traversed the circumambient air—if the air in our Subway can be designated that way.

Then I "up and spoke," and "I says, says I" to the good Rev.: "Wonder if they are pitying us?"

And this brought from one of the twain across the aisle a dozen vigorous, emphatic "No," "No," "No," "No"—spelled as one spells the negative and means it. Then the young lady, in splendid signs and spelling, added that up to that moment she had not actually understood a word of our conversation for she hadn't looked with that intent—which was very true. She was too much of a lady of refinement to take in a conversation not intended for her.

She comes by her knowledge of the combined language naturally for her father, grandfather and great-grandfather all were teachers—and the two last named, principals of one of the greatest schools for the deaf in the world. Her paternal grandmother was one of our most renowned deaf women, and from babyhood she had this same accomplished lady in her home. At the present time she has an aunt and sister engaged in the profession of teaching the deaf so she is in every way well qualified to tell her companion how the deaf talk and hear, when in each other's company.

Miss Carter, a teacher in the Chefoo (China) school for the deaf honored this office with a call recently, during which I learned ever so much that was interesting. Miss Carter is a New York state woman and graduated as a nurse at Bellevue Hospital, a few years ago. She then became a missionary nurse and when she met Mrs. Mills at Chefoo the latter prevailed upon her to learn to teach the deaf and act as the medical attendant to the school. There is an American Doctor in Chefoo and Miss Carter frequently is called upon to help in a professional way. The doctor, by the way, has a horse. The Standard Oil Co's Chefoo agent also has a horse and carriage and these two equines are the only ones in Chefoo.

Miss Carter knows how to teach Chinese deaf youth and knows the Chinese language, so Bell's Visible Speech Symbols are easy to her. Her visit to the United States now is in the nature of an extension course, as she is visiting the big schools to learn more. She uses the manual alphabet "a la Rochester"—and that means that every letter stands out cameo-like. She apologetically explains that she is so much more proficient spelling in Chinese than she is in English—and in that case all I can say is, "Lucky Chinese."

They don't get all the pupils they want to attend the Chefoo School, for they have the wily Chinese parent to deal with. The W. C. P. often sells his deaf daughter into slavery rather than send her to school, and his deaf son he will secrete till that mysterious time when some mysterious person is coming around his way to apply a mysterious compound to his boy's ear and tongue, and then the boy will hear and speak, so what is the use of sending him to Chefoo to school?

As Bret Harte put it, "The Heathen Chinese are peculiar."

The cost of living keeps mounting steadily in China as it does here, yet teachers and missionaries keep right on working for the same meagre stipend they got years ago. Not that they complain. I got this admission reluctantly—that is the query was put and the reply came so. But missionaries and teachers in heathen lands have to eat, and they must have clothes, and once in a dozen years or so they want to visit home, and all this costs money.

When Mrs. Mills comes home again I want to "hear" her talk on China and the Chinese deaf—Miss Carter could entertain an audience of Deaf people in a thrillingly fascinating manner, but I fear no inducement could be brought on her to mount a platform and lecture.

Looking over the Gallaudet College roster for this year one cannot help noticing how the various states are represented. The Empire State has only three representatives, yet it has thousands of deaf children and great schools at Buffalo, Rochester, Rome, Malone and four big schools in New York city, yet only three students at college. There are more deaf people in the Borough of Brooklyn than there are in the states of Kansas and Nebraska, yet each of these states have eleven. Iowa and Pennsylvania tie for second place with seven each and of the other states, Washington sends four over the long journey to the Capitol. Connecticut has three, North Carolina, Mississippi and Kentucky each have two and twelve other states but one student each. I don't understand why the chance of a particularly free college education does not appeal to a larger number of the deaf. It is a golden chance for bright deaf youth. A college training and a five years' residence in the Nation's Capitol—splendid opportunities for development of the body go with the training of the mind and taken all in all, except for what the Nation offers the boys who go to West Point and Annapolis, few normal people can get so much for practically nothing at all.

Odd isn't it!

BANQUET IN LOS ANGELES

A unique and interesting banquet in honor of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet was spread at Christopher's last evening. It was replete with good fellowship, where wit scintillated, humor glowed, and flashes of oratory held guests thrall-bound—yet all without a sound! Friends smiled and bowed, greeted one another cheerily, even exchanged bright repartee—yet nobody spoke a word!

The scene was quite all it should have been—well-dressed persons, lights, flowers, flashing silver and sparkling glassware. Yet it was like some enchanted scene where, the guests assembled for joyous talk and laughter, the fairies laid their fingers on the revellers' lips and held them speechless.

Still the guests hailed each other across the eternal silence—for this was a banquet of the deaf and dumb of Los Angeles, and, in honoring the birthday of the man who founded education for the mute in this country, they "spoke" with their hands; and the speeches, instead of being drawled forth with the nasal intonation and indifferent accent, usually employed in such festive gatherings, were flashed forth on facile fingers.

It was all very odd to an outsider—this banquet which was like a thought-transference convention, where one best managed his dinner conversation with food between his lips, and where one's only acceptable excuse from speech-making was rheumatism in the hands!

The toasts were given as follows: Miss Roy, "Gallaudet's Birthday," touchingly alluding to the passion for the lovely deaf girl which sent him across the seas in fruitful search of aid for the deaf and dumb of his own country; Mrs. Acheson, "Recollections" of the establishment of the first school for the mute at Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Terry, "Some Instances of Great Love;" Miss Taylor, "Pastimes;" and Miss Reeves, a teacher in the Los Angeles city schools, who is not deaf but whose parents are both deaf and dumb and who is an adept with her fingers as with spoken language, touched eloquently on "The Brotherhood of Man."

Mrs. A. M. Andrews was toast-mistress and Mesdames Waddell and Dahl and Misses Roy and Duffy composed the committee on arrangements. Miss Schrom, who was to respond to the toast "His Mantle," could not attend on account of sickness and Mrs. Regensburg, who was also down on the program, was not present.—*Los Angeles Times*, Dec. 7.



By J. H. MacFarlane, Talladega, Ala.

TO SPEAK OF POLITICS after the smoke of the late political campaign has blown over is perhaps enough to give chills to what ought to be "hot stuff" in the way of copy. Yet the vanquished Third Party has left on the battlefield a souvenir that everyone of us ought to appropriate to himself—and that is its name. We need not be "Bull Moosers," although it wouldn't hurt a lot of the teachers of the deaf if a little of the Bull Moose spirit were injected into them, but we should all "keep a-goin." The N. A. D., the G. C. A. A., and the American Instructors of the Deaf should all be "Progressive" parties.

The "handicap" of deafness is made an everlasting subject for discussion in the press of both the deaf and the hearing. "The deaf have no chance," a leader among them remarked to me just last summer. Such talk has set us to thinking that if our educators of the deaf were as progressive as the times demand the so-called handicap would appear less formidable.

An expert in educational matters recently proved by test that most of our public schools are wasting time by keeping children in a stuffy school room, trying to cram just a little more into tired little brains, during long afternoon hours. The Alabama School sets a good example to other schools in this matter, as it has no school session in the afternoon. The morning is naturally the best time to mould the young idea and it will not be many years till all of our schools, including schools for the deaf, recognize this truth.

Again, that old-fogy notion that a pupil's mental measure can readily be taken by a few haphazard questions—put to the child much as one would give another a poke in the ribs—must go. It is all right to sample milk or eggs unceremoniously, just as they happen to come, but the student's brain is made of finer stuff, so fine in fact that there is no chance of the casual and unsympathetic examiner ever finding out the mental status of a class. For instance, a visitor who delights to puzzle pupils with questions enters a school room, and the brightest pupils therein, being as is the rule, nervously high-strung, become at once, as the questioner sees them, the dullards. On the other hand, the laggard, whom nothing could scare into getting his lessons, may like as not give a wise answer as follows:

Teacher:—"Tommy, can you name a city of Alaska?"

Tommy (looking dubious):—"Nome."

Teacher—"Correct, you may go to the head of the class."

Therefore we object that it is rank injustice to

judge a class, a teacher, a school and perhaps a whole school system by a few random questions.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE BUFF AND BLUE at this time is not amiss. Our favorite magazine is certainly deserving of increased popularity. Compare its mental pabulum with the scanty bill of fare offered by many of the school papers over which the Alumni pore in the vain attempt to extract something satisfying and you'll opine that the "Official Organ" is a juicy beefsteak—and a rare one. And say, you "high-brows" and noisy "bow-wows" among the "old boys," don't get it into your shiny "thought dome" that the stuff of these youngsters who supply the *Buff and Blue* Table of Contents is necessarily "puerile." Why, some of the world's best literature has been turned out of youthful minds.

MORAL:—"Now is the time to get ON," etc.

OUR VETERAN TEACHER, Prof. W. S. Johnson, who as we have remarked before, holds the record for years of faithful service in the profession, recently rounded out his forty-second year in the Alabama School. He was handed bouquets by the local press, which he accepted with characteristic modesty. That Prof. Johnson is as much as a sport lover as ever will be seen from the following clipping from his School paper:

W. S. JOHNSON TAKES SOME FRIENDS ON AN OUTING

Upon invitation of our nature-loving friend, W. S. Johnson, a number of the gentlemen teachers responded to the "call of the wild woods," last Saturday, one of those ideal days that have made the "Sunny South" famous.

The party "hiked" to the Talladega Quarry, thence to Taylor's Falls and back, a distance of twenty-two miles in all, covering the home stretch just as the hot biscuits were brought onto the supper table.

Prof. Johnson is the ideal leader for such an outing, as he knows the lay of the land hereabouts for miles around as well as the red men who not so very long ago possessed it as their hunting ground. The Professor, who is a firm believer in the horse as a means of locomotion, selected for the occasion, Daniel Boone, (2?) which racer being of the Blue Grass, High Class breed, was quite spirited enough to suit its spirited driver. Daniel Boone, like his famous predecessor, delights in hairbreath escapes; that is, for the other fellow. His particular victim on the trip was J. W. McCandless, organizer of the National Fraternal Accident and Life Insurance Company of the Deaf. Mr. McCandless had his dignity upset so many times by the wild lunges of Daniel Boone that he advises all who ride behind the wily beast to first take out insurance in his company.

J. M. Robertson, one of the party, greeted all the passers-by like one of the old timers, but he was mainly interested in the tree-tops, as he had made preparations to stow away his winter supply of nuts. Walnuts and Hickories were found to be quite plentiful up several yards beyond the reach of Mr. Robertson's missiles and as he didn't have any field glasses with him, he could not bring the nuts any nearer.

The Autumn scenery was too grand to be passed by without a shot or two from the camera fiend. Mr. Hofsteater cut off and boxed several pieces of the magnificent landscape with his Kodak, in order to preserve some tangible record of this most enjoyable trip.

THE TWO-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF THE NOBLE ABBE DE L'EPEE has brought forth a flood of tributes to his sainted memory in which his name appears more and more lustrous. As a side-light on the fascinating article on this subject by Yvonne Pitrois, it is interesting to note the following reference to the work of the great benefactor, which may be found in the historical novel, *Joseph the Second and His Court*, by Muhlbach:

"The sally of the emperor was followed by another blank pause, which was finally broken by himself."

"I also visited another noble institution," continued he, "that of the deaf-mutes. The Abbe de l'Epee deserves the homage of the world for this monument of individual charity; for I have been told that his institution has never yet received assistance from the crown. My dear sister, (addressing Marie Antoinette) I venture to ask alms of you for this unfortunate *proteges*. With what strength of love has he explored the dark recesses of their minds, to bear within the light of intelligence and cultivation! Think how he has rescued them from a joyless stupor, to place them by the side of thinking, reasoning and happy human beings! As soon as I return to Vienna, I shall found an institution for the deaf and dumb; I have already arranged with the Abbe to impart his system to a person who shall be sent to conduct the asylum I propose to endow."

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,

And loved to plead, lament, and sue;—

Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,

For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

—Marmion.

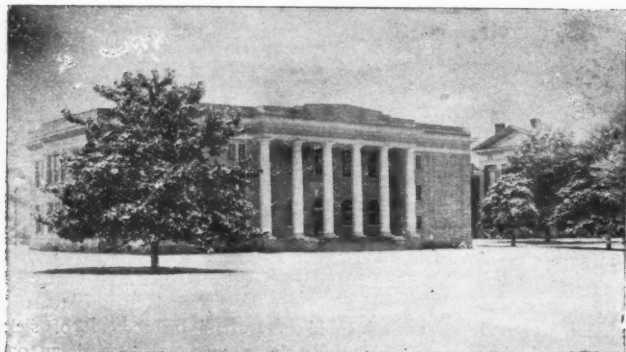
"ERNESTOGRAPHS"

(Continued from page 72)

If men like Edward M. Gallaudet, Francis D. Clarke, Enoch Henry Currier, Edward Allan Fay, and other masters of the sign-language had seen this gentleman before he decided upon his work, and had explained and demonstrated to him the naturalness of our sign-language, perhaps there would be a different story to tell.

...

Speaking of deafness, we must own that it is more of a serious handicap in the eyes of the public than we suppose. I know an intelligent deaf man who was told by his employer that his physical disability alone detracted from his usefulness as a workman, and that consequently he could not claim the same wages as his hearing fellow-workmen—although his work was equal to theirs. This is doubtless an exceptional case and I hope there are not many employers who share this view. Then there is another employer who informed me that they "have a deaf-mute in their order department whom they pay less than others because of the difficulty of his taking orders, and that he has asked for more pay and threatens to quit. We can't pay him more and find it very unhandy to use a deaf-mute in the order department. This would evidently indicate that the deaf-mute in question is a "misfit" in the order department of a great corporation. A deaf man should not apply for a position which requires many directions or much instruction.



NEW SCHOOL BUILDING, ALABAMA SCHOOL



COTTON MARKET, TALLADEGA, ALA.



By James H. Cloud, 2606 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo

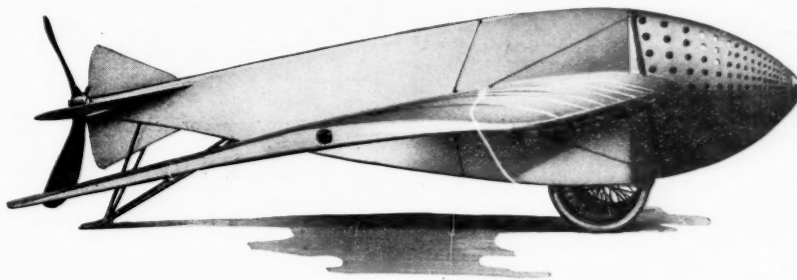
THE "deaf imposter" evil is a real and serious menace to the deaf, especially to those of the wage earning class, to which most of the deaf belong. A vigorous, systematic, nation-wide campaign of suppression of the evil should be maintained until the general public realize, as well as do the deaf themselves, that there are no deaf beggars and that all who claim to be such are imposters and should be dealt with accordingly.

When Mr. J. C. Howard, of Duluth, accepted appointment under the auspices of the National Association of the Deaf to head the movement against deaf imposters we were constrained to regard it as a pleasing diversion of a gentleman well known as the possessor of an abnormal sense of humor and love for a joke. But since taking hold of the matter Mr. Howard has shown himself to be very much in earnest and the score or more imposters he has had sent to the work house for ninety days or so utterly fail to see the joke. If a city of the size of Duluth has averaged an imposter a month arrested during the past two years how many imposters are in all probability at this time playing "deaf and dumb" to a credulous public in Chicago, New York, Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco, St. Louis and elsewhere? As far as St. Louis is concerned we propose to find out. Mr. Howard was in St. Louis recently and addressed a gathering at St. Thomas' Mission and his statement left no doubt in the minds of all present that something should be done to combat the imposter evil.

Mr. Howard is deserving of commendation for having undertaken a necessary but difficult work and for the success that has attended his efforts within a comparatively short time.

The lowering of the standard for admission to Gallaudet College, at Washington, without lowering the standard for graduation, is a wise move. It will be appreciated by young men and women who are ambitious to enter college—also by their teachers. To the "self-made" youth who happens to be in a school where pupils are not especially encouraged to prepare for college it will be a boon. Some schools, to their discredit, do not bring and keep the advantages of Gallaudet College sufficiently before their pupils. At this writing we have in mind a "large and flourishing institution," not necessarily lacking in material or any essential equipment, that has sent no student to Gallaudet within the last seven years. A number of the school's graduates have gone to college not so much because of the encouragement given them at the school as because of the encouragement given them by undergraduates at the college. We believe if each student admitted to Gallaudet would reveal the source of his or her first and greatest encouragement to enter the credit in by far the greater number of cases would be given to some undergraduate or graduate of the college.

It is a matter of common observation that the schools sending the greatest number of students to college—students who are best prepared for the work ahead of them and make a success of it—are the schools having Gallaudet graduates on the teaching staff. This is especially true of schools where the head teachers are Gallaudet graduates. Of course there is a conspicuous exception here and there but that only serves to confirm the general writer of the statement.



THE GALLAUDET AEROPLANE "THE BULLET"

COURTESY OF POPULAR MECHANICS

In the course of our travels last summer we became acquainted with an able, successful and highly respected deaf business man who expressed to me his great regret that he had never attended Gallaudet—never having received any encouragement to do so during his school days—by no means an uncommon case. He said that he did not think that the advantages he might have gained by going to college would have added to the material success he already had attained, but he believed, and rightly too, that it would have enlarged his capacity for enjoying the intellectual life and compensated in a greater degree for the loss of hearing. It is needless to add that among the teachers of his school days there was no one from the "Halls of Gallaudet." The principal, however, had several times visited the college and could and should have given the needed encouragement had he been as much interested in the deaf as he was bent on "feathering his own nest."

A noted airman when asked what he would do in case his machine got out of order while up in the air replied that he supposed he would come straight back to earth. The number of airmen who have actually done this but unfortunately at the sacrifice of their lives is appalling. Among the few who have "come back" and survived the experience is Mr. Edson Gallaudet, second son of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, emeritus president of Gallaudet College. Young Mr. Gallaudet has been interested in aviation for some time and is the inventor of the Gallaudet Monoplane "Bullet," shown in the illustration which originally appeared in the December issue of *Popular Mechanics*. Last summer, while experimenting with his machine preparatory to entering the contest for the Gordon-Bennett Aviation Trophy, when about 400 feet above the ground something went wrong and the inventor with his machine was dashed to earth. The machine was wrecked and Mr. Gallaudet seriously but fortunately not fatally hurt. But for the accident to Mr. Gallaudet and his "Bullet" the Gordon-Bennett Trophy might not have been won by a Frenchman and taken away to France. If Mr. Gallaudet is bent on making further experiments in aviation we hope he will go to France and bring that trophy back.

America should have a De l'Epee monument. We have said as much before and will say it again. The National Association of the Deaf, at its meeting at Cleveland next summer, should give formal endorsement to the De l'Epee monument project and set it agoing. The monument to Gallaudet at Washington, erected by the N. A. D. a quarter of a century ago, at a cost of about \$12,000 is also a monument to the energy and resourcefulness of the Association when its members work in harmony and towards a common end. It ought to be as easy to raise \$20,000 today as it was to raise \$12,000 twenty-five years ago. Keep the matter agitated and gather in the mites.

The National Fraternal Society of the Deaf is very much alive, but nowhere is it more so than at Los Angeles. Division No. 27 has been thriving upon native sons and wise men from the East until its membership has become an aggregation of as varied and versatile talent as any in the land. It is particularly strong along fraternal and social lines as it has been my good fortune to learn from

personal experience. Sick, accident and death benefits are very good in their way but the adding to the pleasure of living in normal health is much made of by members of the Los Angeles Division. In this they are, of course, ably assisted by the ladies and the never failing glorious climate of Southern California.

The Observer, published at Seattle by Mr. L. O. Christenson, and edited by Mrs. Olof Hanson, with Mr. W. S. Root as associate editor, is a wide-awake, bright, newsy, conservative, independent bi-monthly, deserving of the support of all who have any real interest in affairs pertaining to the general welfare of the deaf. We knew little of the paper and saw less of it until our visit to Seattle, and to the office of publication, last summer. We subscribed for it then and there and since then a more intimate acquaintance with the paper has only served to increase our liking for it.

Lip-Reading Difficulties

FLINT, MICH., Oct. 26, 1912.

EDITOR OF THE SILENT WORKER:

DEAR SIR:—I like the *WORKER* very much, especially the stand it takes on Pure Oralism. Not that I know much about the merits of the various methods of teaching the deaf, but I can not hear and have to depend on lip-reading for most of the conversation I have with people. It is needless to add that I fully understand its limitations.

Did you ever notice that the people who are advocating this method are not deaf themselves. I do not care who they are, or how long they have taught, I don't believe any one can understand the nervous strain of speech-reading, unless they actually depend on it, and use it. It is a plain fact, that no one would ever read lips for fun.

Did you read in the September *American* a description of Miss Garrett and her Pure Oral school. It is by such means that this method gets such a lot of free advertising. Now I would think that there were many other workers for the deaf more worthy to have their pictures in a popular magazine.

Why don't some of you who understand it, write up the Sign Dictionary by Mr. Long. It is certainly a unique book.

A brief history of the signs, a description with pictures of some of those most easily understood, telling how the deaf feel about their language, and what it is to them, would, I am sure, find a place in some magazine, and help to counteract such articles as the one in the *American*.

If the deaf really wish to fight this method they must do it in those publications read by the parents of deaf children. One short article in a leading magazine would do more good than volumes printed in those papers read exclusively by the deaf.

I would have written a protest to this magazine myself, but I really know so little about the methods of teaching as I never attended a school for the deaf and have only a very slight acquaintance with any of the teachers. In fact, about all I know of the deaf is what I have read and my own bitter experience in trying to understand.

Yours truly,

LUCY TAYLOR.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

We find it impossible to crowd all the interesting matter received for publication in the present number of this paper and beg the indulgence of the writers for the delay. The installation of new machinery for our photo-engraving department has made work extremely difficult, but we expect to be settled after the holidays, when we hope to produce a better paper than formerly.

Announcement of the American Federation of the Deaf

To the Deaf Public:—I beg to announce that one movement to which the Federation will henceforth devote itself, is the erection of a monument to Abbe de l'Epee.

The American deaf has done splendidly as to the perpetuation of the memory of Dr. T. H. Gallaudet. They built first the Hartford monument and then the monument at the Gallaudet College, and are preparing to repair the older structure that is falling into decay on the Hartford Institution grounds. The Committee is appealing for money for this purpose, and the Federation will second the N. A. D. in the work. The Committee tells us that "the whole structure will have to be taken apart, down to the granite foundation and rebuilt." That would mean a totally new monument, bronze tablets perhaps to replace the marble ones which will have to be preserved indoors. It would also mean that, within ninety-five years—from 1917 to the present day—the American deaf will have built three monuments to the memory of the first American teacher of the deaf. All this is honorable, and is a great credit to us as a class.

In the meantime, however, very scanty efforts have been made to honor Abbe de l'Epee in like manner. In this country there is no memorial to the man to whom we owe so much, excepting, perhaps, a plaster bust by Sculptor Plessis at the Gallaudet College. This should not be so.

About a year ago, a discussion had been conducted about St. Augustine by Rev. Father McCarthy and Dr. E. A. Fay, which was of a tremendous interest to all who make a study of the history of the deaf-mute education. The outcome of the (dispute) is that Abbe de l'Epee stands out more prominently than ever on the horizon of thought. What we now know is that the services he had rendered are really of a greater magnitude than we had pictured before: he lifted humanity by his devotion to the Deaf, ennobled the Church by opening new channels to its usefulness, dignified science by more correctly demonstrating the relation between speech and thought. Some time ago it was a fashion among the hearing press to publish names of the greatest men in history, like Napoleon, Caesar, Moses, Edison, Bell and so on. In such lists, the name of Abbe de l'Epee did not appear, so little is he known to even people who have a claim to culture. We propose to properly place him in the niche of history, for he was not an accident. He rightly has a place by the side of the great explorers in the region of thought. As Columbus pioneered his way in a physical world, so Abbe de l'Epee cleared a path through an intellectual and spiritual world.

I propose that the size of the monument should correspond to the greatness of the services the Abbe had rendered. The cost will be about Fifty Thousand Dollars. There will be the usual portrait-picture of the priest, either singly or in group, as the deaf designers may like. It is, however, to the accessories on or around the monument that emphasis should be given, for they must in an ample manner describe the man's services as a theologian, a humanitarian, a scientist, a thinker, a discoverer. Splendid sculptures around the base will cost money, whence the advisability of raising \$50,000.00.

The monument of Abbe de l'Epee will be substantially built, so that it will stand for centuries. I have done business with numerous committees. It sometimes happened that they say to me: "You have already been a year at work on the statue. Hurry up!" "But," replied I, "gentlemen, you forget that the monument is to exist for perhaps five hundred or more years. What, then, is it to you if I linger a short year on the statue and delay my contract?" So, if it takes us five, ten or twenty years to raise the \$50,000, it will make no difference. The Federation is now committed to the work of

doing in the case of Abbe de l'Epee what has already been done in the case of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, and the work will be prosecuted slowly, surely and without letting up.

The monument will be erected in a public place, preferably in New York city, the city forever to give the same care to the structure as it is today giving to its numerous memorials. So the Statue of Liberty guards the gateway of the continent, so the statue of the Abbe will rise on the bank of the Hudson River, in eternal testimony to the gratitude of a class of people living under the pleasing franchises of a free country.

The American deaf will be invited to help as much as they can. Assistance will also be looked for from the Church and from men in all lines of thought and endeavor.

I will appoint a Committee of One Hundred, to be composed of the American deaf. In addition, there will be patrons to consist of Institution authorities, church dignitaries and other prominent men and women.

The competition for the designing of the monument will be open to the deaf sculptors of the world and will be held under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts, of which the American Society of Deaf Artists of New York city is an affiliated society.

I have corresponded with Rev. Mr. R. McCarthy, editor of the *Epipheta* on the subject. On his side, he will take charge of the part of the work as far as his church is concerned. On the other hand, the erection of the monument will be purely a non-sectarian undertaking, so that the memorial will take the character of a tribute from all the deaf, regardless of denomination. To the Catholics, Abbe de l'Epee is a priest and inventor; to the Protestants, a teacher and friend; to all the deaf, a liberator and benefactor, and the worthiness of the project of building a monument to his memory, ought to receive an unstinted and unbiased support from us all.

To reiterate, I desire to say that this business will in no way interfere with the repairing of the Gallaudet Monument, in the work of which I will assist President Hanson. As rumor, in its meanders, will put on strange garbs, I must add that I am not a Catholic. The worth of a man alone concerns me, as it will all of us, whatever be our religious belief. The Abbe will be shown on the monument as a priest, for that representation is both proper and truthful; he will be in the attitude of teaching the deaf, for we shall not cease to proclaim our deep sense of what we owe him for intellectual emancipation; he will be pictured by means of bronze accessories as a student, a thinker, a discoverer, for it is right that the scientific world should not gradually consign his services to oblivion.

Yours very truly,

DOUGLAS TILDEN,

Acting President A. F. D.

Nov. 23, 1912.

FEDERATION

To the American Deaf Public:—I submit herewith the report of the Federation Commission to Europe.

From the report it appears that the federated system is not only so well thought of in France that whenever a national organization is started there, preference is given that system, but also that, of two Federations in existence in that country, at least one is in successful operation. In my opinion only one national organization suffices for the United States and that on the same federated system.

I leave it to the gentlemen on the Commission to enlarge on the subject.

I shall expect next summer to be in possession of more information on the subject. Besides the paper by Mr. Gaillard mentioned in the report, I understand that an interesting letter by Mr. Pilet is to appear in the N. A. D. report shortly to be published.

Thanking Messrs. Frankenheim, Basch and MacGregor for the satisfactory manner in which they discharged their duties, I am

Yours truly,

DOUGLAS TILDEN,

President A. F. D.

54 CATHEDRAL PARKWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.,

November 18, 1912.

MR. DOUGLAS TILDEN,
President, California State Association of the Deaf,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

MY DEAR SIR:—We beg to submit this report of our observations obtained in Paris, France, on the subject of Federation at this late date, owing to the failure of M. Prosper, president of L'Union Nationale de Societes Francaise to answer my question as to the financial side of his Federation. There seems to be two Federations in existence, one of which is in successful operation and it is the National Union, which is composed of mutual aid societies under the leadership of M. Prosper, a hearing and speaking gentleman and E. Mercier, a deaf-mute. The other does exist, but is not active and it is composed of the independent societies.

It was with great difficulty on our part to secure detailed information from the French officials of the late International Congress as they were excited and overwhelmed by the unexpectedly large size of the meeting and all that in detail we were fortunate at all to get is as follows:

The Federation of the independent societies was started in 1898, but the date of the origin of the National Union could not be obtained, and the latter association is more successful. The former federation was founded by Messrs. Cochfer and Gaillard.

The National Union was composed of all the French mutual aid societies with the exception of the association of Le Bretagne.

A single society is admitted into the National Union by the vote of the affiliated societies.

There is no written contract between the National Union and any one society.

The National Union is composed of twelve or thirteen different societies.

The National Union has a good bank account and some property, but details of same are not obtainable for the reasons given in the opening paragraph.

When a society enters the National Union, it has no fear of designs by the greater body, the bugaboo of which is often referred to in this, our country and these societies are autonomous.

The National Union does not interfere in home affairs of the different societies as the Union has a law requiring it to give aid to the affiliated societies and another to support, defend and assist them in a public manner.

Each society is required to pay an assessment into the treasury of the National Union, but the amount was not ascertained owing to lack of information on the part of the President of the Union.

Each society does send a delegate at its own expense to the meetings of the Union, but it is not known how often the Union meets.

The headquarters of the Union is in Paris, and the officers are M. Prosper, general secretary and P. Mercier, treasurer, and their duties are of national scope and to keep up the affairs of the Union before the public.

They are elected every three years but the Counsellors are chosen every year, and can be voted upon by absent members through correspondence.

What they are all agreed upon is that Federation has greatly benefitted the individual societies. It is sustained by the moral force it gives them, also its help and advice and makes it a business to create accord and harmony all around.

From what was obtained from private sources, the general feeling was that the National Union was too particular and paid attention to mutual aid matters only greatly to the detriment of the other societies having for their aims other than mutual aid such as amusement, sports, recreation and social study. The other Federation could have filled the long-felt wants of the deaf, but it is now what a certain Frenchman styled to me as "a sleeping beauty."

M. Henri Gaillard, the Secretary of the late Congress in Paris informed me that he tendered a report on the subject of the French Federation at the Convention of the National Association of the Deaf in St. Louis, Mo., but as I am not in possession of such a paper, we are unable to dilate any further on this subject. We are quite sure that if it is within easy reach, you may be further enlightened on the all-absorbing topic.

We have done the best under the circumstances to secure useful information in the behalf of the California State Association of the Deaf on the subject of Federation in view of the difficulty on our part to meet the busy officials and of our inability to understand the French language.

Very Respectfully yours,

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM,

EMIL BASCH,

R. P. MACGREGOR.

Members of the European Commission of the Deaf.

CLIPPINGS

BY J. L. JOHNSON

Dr. T. Fox, Fanwood school, has been given the honor of Officer of the Academy by the French government in recognition of his services in the cause of the deaf. This is a high honor to be conferred on any man, and is especially appreciated by the deaf of this country because he is one of them.

—Silent Hoosier.

Are the day schools for the deaf in Chicago proving a failure? We notice that the board of education recommends "the construction of a separate dormitory and school for the deaf and dumb who are now scattered throughout the city schools." This sounds suspiciously like the establishment of an "institution," and that means (at last) dissatisfaction with the day-school system.

A day school for the deaf is to be opened at Atlanta, Georgia. The moving spirit in the matter is Mr. W. F. Crusseles, one of the leading men of the city who has for years taken an interest in the deaf and has done much for their advancement. He has learned the sign language, and is in touch with the deaf, and that he is in sympathy with their views is evidenced by the fact that the combined system is to be used.—Ky. Standard.

Mr. William Sleight, founder of the Institution for the Deaf at Brighton, England, and its Head Master for the long period of seventy years, died at his home in Brighton last April, aged ninety-four. He was a teacher of the deaf for seventy-three years, having taught in the Yorkshire Institute for three years before going to Brighton. This is probably a world record for long service as an educator of the deaf, and it is the more remarkable for the fact that three score and ten years were spent in one school.—The Virginia Guide.

One of the greatest influences for good in a School for the Deaf are the Christian Endeavor and similar societies. In nearly every one of our exchanges we notice reports of their meetings and the spirit of right living which they foster is sure to have its influence in the after lives of their members.

In this school we make the attendance and membership entirely voluntary, believing that this is one thing in which their characters receive a test and are strengthened by the exercise of choice. The membership is quite gratifying and is growing with a promise of increase.—Iowa Hawkeye.

A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE.

Mark Twain had numerous "double" scattered about the world, and about once a month he received a letter from some new "double," enclosing a photograph, says Archibald Henderson in his new book, "Mark Twain." To one of these doubles, Mark wrote:

My Dear Sir: Many thanks for your letter, with enclosed photograph.

Your resemblance to me is remarkable. In fact, to be perfectly honest, you look more like me than I do myself. I was so much impressed by the resemblance that I have had your picture framed, and am now using it regularly in place of a mirror, to shave by.

Yours gratefully,
S. L. CLEMENS.
The California News.

From close observation, running over a period of several seasons, it would seem that the old custom of closing our schools in June should be abandoned, and the time for vacation commencement extended well into July, so that the children and those who have to do with their intellectual training would the more beneficently reap the enjoyment of the decidedly invigorating weather that of late years the month of September affords. That two months or ten weeks is all sufficient for relax from studies and as necessary aid and stimulus to future effort is apparent and true, but we believe that with the changing conditions of climate there should follow in really natural sequence a change in our schedule of study. We offer this suggestion at this particular time that our pedagogic friends may deem it worthy of thought and give it due consideration.—Le Conteux Leader.

Present education, though very far from presenting an unpromising aspect, shows glaring inefficiencies that should be looked at squarely so that they may be removed. For instance, a very large proportion of the public school teachers in the country are minors, and less than half of them have had any special or adequate preparation for teaching; in several states from 20 to 30 per cent. of them every year are beginners; and in the best states the average length of service is less than four years. The average wage of all public school teachers in the the United States, including the teachers in all our cities is \$1.60 a day for the working days of the whole year—less than \$500 per annum; or less than \$10 a week, says the world's work. The average pay in eleven states is less than \$400; in eight states is less than \$300; in two states, less than \$250.—Ohio Chronicle.

We have mentioned in the columns of this paper several times the need of more trained teachers. Many in the profession have treated the matter rather lightly, and some even insisted that the supply was equal to the demand. I wonder if many of those same Superintendents have the same views today. It can not be gainsaid that there are many indifferent teachers in many schools today, many of whom went into the work by accident, and because of the scarcity of good training, have been re-appointed from time to time, commanding a fair salary. Occasionally one who dropped into the work accidentally makes a good, efficient teacher, but at whose expense was she trained? Many a deaf child paid dearly for being under an untrained teacher. Unlike the Doctor who is "learning how," the teacher's mistakes live while the Doctor's mistakes are buried. Perhaps more than half the teachers in schools for the deaf today had no special training, other than being around an institution and observing perhaps in a very indifferent teacher's class, a teacher who herself was not trained. The only way to raise the standard of teaching is to train more teachers. Often the teacher who fails in one school, after "spoiling" one or more classes, when dropped from one corps, crosses the "State line" into another school with no better results. The only way to get these failures out of the work is to train better teachers. There should be more competition then we would get better results. If there had been one hundred well educated and well trained young teachers ready to enter the profession this session, there would have been a "mighty shaking



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We will allow a cash discount of 10 per cent (thereby making the price \$4.55 per pair) if you send **FULL CASH** with your order. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at **OUR** expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, and last longer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

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up of dry bones" in more schools than one. But as it is Superintendents cannot find "recruits." In other educational institutions there is always a large waiting list, not so with schools for the deaf.

It is true that salaries of teachers of the deaf are not large enough to attract talent from other active fields, but if Superintendents and managing authorities demand better talent and accept only trained teachers, then better salaries will be paid. But until Superintendents demand well trained talent and will not accept indifferent talent, we will still meet this difficulty. I would rather my own child, deaf or hearing, be under a first class teacher for six years, than under an indifferent teacher twelve years. The South needs fifty well trained teachers for her schools for the deaf today. Who will train them? There are perhaps half that number being trained on the continent, when four times that number are needed.—Deaf Carolinian.

In the rapid development of illumination, the production of light of great intensity has been sought, regardless of the effect upon eyesight and health. Much of the light now used, it has been pointed out, is rich in violet and ultraviolet rays, and doubtless tends to produce eye troubles, with much attendant misery. Realizing this, Leon Gaster, of the Illuminating Society of England, has proposed, among other things, that the French government appoint an inquiry commission of oculists, physiologists, factory inspectors, and others. The purpose would be to determine what is good illumination for the home, school, factory and office; to

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study the character and influence of the various illuminants, and to show how best to apply acceptable lighting to suit the differing requirements. An investigation of impaired vision and the causes leading to it would be included.—The Colorado Index.

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WHO ARE THE DEAF?

By FRANK CURZON
(A Deaf Mute)

Who are the deaf ones of the earth? Why, those
who close their ears
To the heart-cry of affection, to the soul-sob wrung
from tears,
To the anguish of the fallen, to the captive's silent
groan,
Whose ears are closed to pity, for their hearts are
turned to stone.

Who are the dumb ones of the earth? Why, those
whose mouths are still
When the fiat of the tyrant works out its wicked will;
When the oaths of the blasphemers their brutal bur-
den bear,
Or the foul jests of the fool poison all the air.

They are not deaf where God hath closed that
avenue of sense,
For they hear heaven's gates thrown open and the
sounds that issue from thence;
They hear the angels' hymns and the Savior's par-
doning voice,
And their listening hearts are awakened as their
rescued souls rejoice.

They are not dumb where God hath closed the
outer gate of prayer;
The clasped hands have a mute appeal no uttered
words could wear;
In tender thought and gentle act their gratitude
we read.
For faith is our best worship and work our noblest
creed.

—Silent Review.



The above picture shows Mr. Alfred E. Arnot, of
Spokane, Wash., in his bachelor room, reading his
copy of the SILENT WORKER. Like many other sub-
scribers he finds much comfort in perusing its pages.

NEW YORK

"Hindle Wakes," by every appearance, will have
a long stay at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, where its
bold and frank treatment of the obligations result-
ing from the misstep of a young girl has aroused
the greatest interest. Long before the first night's
representation of this play was concluded, many
members of the audience had taken advantage of the
intermissions to provide themselves with seats for
future performances, either for themselves or their
friends, proving that they had been impressed to
a quite uncommon extent by the play and its ren-
dition. The company brought from Lancashire for
the American presentment of "Hindle Wakes" is
singularly well balanced, and the members without
exception exert themselves for the general result
rather than individual advancement. The personal
successes which stand out most conspicuously are
registered by Emelie Polini, who impersonates the
young mill girl of the story (who refuses matrimony
that will make her "an honest woman" at the ex-
pense of her liberty and happiness); and Herbert

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Loras as the crusty and hard headed but secretly
warm-hearted old mill owner who tries to force
his own son to right the wrong he has done through
his "speer" with the girl. The other roles also are
played remarkably well, and the drama is unique
in theme, atmosphere, and the Lancashire dialect
in which the lines are spoken.

A man who plants a tree and cares for it, has
added at least his mite to God's creation.—Lucy
Larcom.

The British Deaf Times

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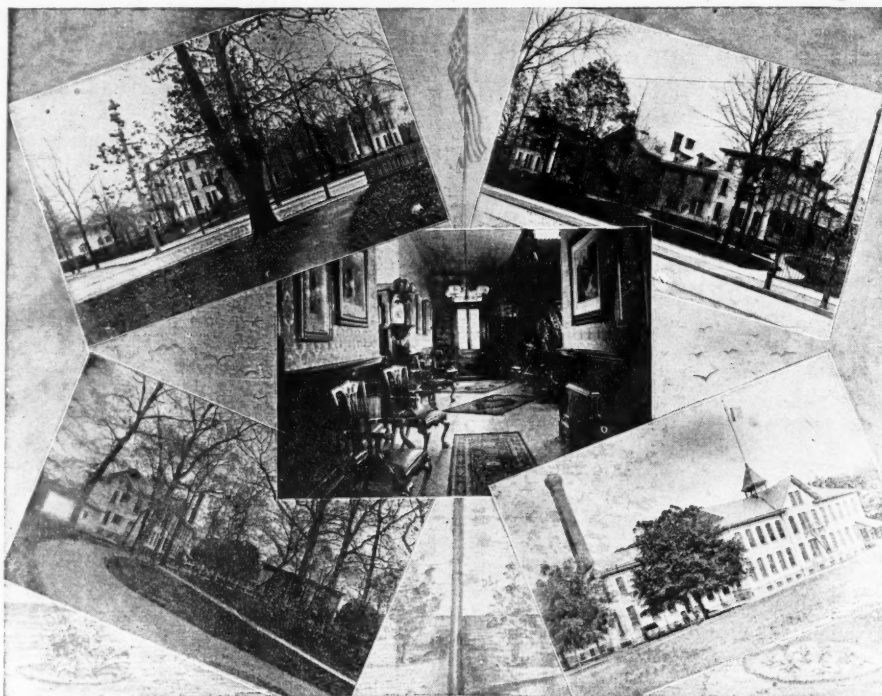
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